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THE CHILDREN'S

THIRD READER

BY

ELLEN M. CYR

AUTHOR OF THE CHILDREN'S PRIMER, CHILDREN'S FIRST READER, CHILDREN'S SECOND READER, ETC.

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TO

Hon. James L. Howard

WITH THE

LOVING REGARD OF THE WRITER

PREFACE.

In presenting this Third Reader to the public, the author would call attention to a few of its distinguishing features which should commend it to modern educators.

The primary aim of this Reader is education by means of good literature. The mere teaching of the art of reading is of minor importance compared to the awakening of interest and the formation and the education of the taste of young folks.

We have now reached the period when children begin to select their own reading, and it is of the utmost importance that they shall make the acquaintance of such authors as shall be helpful and stimulating.

A large share of the pupils in our public schools have no intelligent means for selecting books from the public libraries; the reading book should be the means of introducing such authors as have written wholesome books for children.

The study of the poets is continued in this Reader by means of biographical stories from the lives of Lowell, Holmes, and Bryant, and a standard poem from each

of these three eminent American authors. The work in literature is broadened and enlarged by the introduction of a few choice selections from other good authors, whose writings are of special interest to young people.

Great care has been taken in selecting this matter; only such authors as have written standard literature have been chosen. In order to impress their lives and writings upon the children, portraits are given, and an introductory sketch has been written about each one.

Grateful acknowledgement is accorded to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. for permission to use certain copyright matter from their publications; also to the Alcott heirs, Mrs. Dorr, Mrs. Diaz, and Roberts Bros. for their ready response in allowing the use of their copyrighted stories; and to Messrs. Pollock and Thurston for the use of certain original photographs.

ELLEN M. CYR.

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ELMWOOD.

Ĕlm'wŏŏd	mĭn'is tẽr	prēach'ing
yoŭn'gĕst	pōrch	grōves

1. This house is called Elmwood. How do you suppose it came to have that name? Two beautiful elm trees grew in front of the porch.

2. All about the house are many trees where the birds love to sing. One Washington's birth-

day, a baby boy was born in this house. It was the 22d of February, 1819.

3. This boy was the youngest of five children. There were two brothers and two sisters to welcome him as their playfellow.

4. He was named James Russell Lowell. His father's name was Charles Lowell, and he was a minister. His home was in Cambridge, near the Charles River, but he preached in Boston.

5. There were large, beautiful groves about Elmwood, when James was a little boy. He loved to play among the trees with his brothers and sisters.

6. These children had many pets: among them were a colt, a dog, and kittens. The children built a little hut in the woods. What happy times they had!

LOWELL'S EARLY CHILDHOOD.

ġĕn'ẽr *o*ŭs	glē*a*m*e*d	sĭl'vẽr
brē*e*z'ў̆	strā*y*	ĭm ăġ'ĭn*e*

1. James Russell Lowell was the youngest of the family. His mother loved him very much and used to tell him beautiful stories. The whole world seemed to him like one great story book.

2. As he played in the woods he thought of the songs his mother sang for him. The birds sang to him, too, and their songs were full of happy thoughts. When he looked up at the sky, the white clouds seemed like stray lambs.

3. Some days he would imagine that the birds' song was news from heaven, sung by the angels. He loved the flowers, too, and was glad to see the yellow dandelions. When they first came, they seemed like a promise that May would soon be here. He thought their gold was beautiful.

4. He said the bee in the white lily's breezy tent could not feel happier than he, when the dandelions burst into bloom. They seemed like a generous gift from the spring.

5. They made him love people better, for they helped him to see that every one had a little of heaven in his heart.

6. The Charles River was near his home, and he loved that, too. He said it was beautiful in the spring when the banks were soft and green; but it was still more beautiful in winter. It was then covered with ice which gleamed like silver in the sun.

Read Lowell's "To the Dandelion" to the class.

LITTLE STRAWBERRY-BLOSSOM.

Part I.

straw'bĕr rў	bē liēved'	ăc quāint'ĕd
mŏd'ĕst	warn'ĭng	glĭs'ten
trăv'ĕl ẽr	ăd vīçe'	nō'tĭçed
coŭs'in	fŏx'glȯve	crĭm'son

1. In a damp, green spot in the midst of a wood, hidden away from the light by a number of ferns, there grew a little white strawberry-blossom.

2. Its many broad leaves only made it look smaller and paler. The tall foxgloves and ferns growing around it hardly ever noticed the pale little thing. "It seems scarcely worth while," they would say, "to have so many leaves for so small a flower."

3. When she heard remarks of this kind, the little blossom felt sad. "I wonder why I grow at all," she thought. "It is very dark and lonely, and nobody loves me."

4. One day a child came and gathered an arm-ful of fresh, green ferns, and then, at last, a bright sunbeam found its way in. It lighted on the head

of the tiny white flower, making it glisten like a dewdrop.

5. "I love you, little Strawberry-blossom, I love you," whispered the sunbeam; but the little flower had lived so long without being noticed, that she scarcely believed this.

6. "Not me, kind sunbeam," she said; "surely not me; it must be the foxglove, the queen of the woods, with its crimson bells, or the lovely wild rose climbing by."

7. "No, little Strawberry-blossom," said the sunbeam; "it is you that I love. You are so gentle and modest that I had hard work to find you; but now I shall come often, and stay with you part of every day."

8. When the other plants saw the sunbeam talking to little Strawberry-blossom, they laughed at her. But she was too happy to care for that.

9. So all through the long, hot summer day, the sunbeam stayed with her, and when he said "Good night," he promised to come again the next morning.

10. That night a glow-worm passing by stopped to speak to her. "Oh, glow-worm," said she, "I am so happy! A sunbeam has come, and he says he loves me, though I am such a tiny flower; and he is coming again to-morrow!"

11. "Hum!" said the glow-worm, who had seen a good deal of life; "don't be too sure of that. The sunbeam is a great traveler, and is not always to be depended upon."

12. "But he told me he would come soon," said Strawberry-blossom; "and he is so good, I am sure he will keep his word."

13. "Well," said the glow-worm, "I do not know much about him; I am better acquainted with his cousins, the moonbeams. I only give you a word of friendly warning. My advice is to go to sleep and forget all about him. Good-night."

LITTLE STRAWBERRY-BLOSSOM.

Part II.

păt'tẽred	côl'ored (ẽrd)	rṳ'bȳ
splĕn'dor (dẽr)	drĭp'pĭng	strŭg'glĭng
sŭr round'ed	vĭs'ĭt or (ẽr)	doubt'ĕd
wŏn'dẽred	fŏr gŏt'ten	ăd mīre'

1. So little Strawberry-blossom went to sleep, and dreamed a bright, happy dream. But, behold! next morning, when she awoke, it was even duller and darker than ever; no sunbeam was there.

2. It was raining hard, and the big drops pattered through the ferns all around her. She had never seen rain before, and wondered what it was. "Kind leaves," said she, "are you weeping for me?" But at this the leaves all laughed.

3. "No, no, little Strawberry-blossom!" they said; "we do not waste our tears on such a poor little silly thing as you. Did you really think that your fine visitor would come back?"

4. Little Strawberry-blossom was broken-

hearted. She could not see beyond her green leaves, and did not know that even then the sun was struggling to break through the clouds.

5. At last he burst forth in all his splendor. The drops of rain caught the sun's rays as they passed to the earth, and there rose over the wood a beautiful rainbow.

6. Little Strawberry-blossom could not see the many-colored bow, but soon she saw her own sunbeam creeping in through the dripping ferns.

7. "Ah, little one!" he said, "did you think I had forgotten you?" and, as she hung her head with shame at having doubted him, he said kindly, "You should have had more faith, little Strawberry-blossom; I was only waiting my time."

8. The sunbeam came again and again; and, surrounded by warmth and love, little Strawberry-blossom grew until she was no longer a pale, sickly flower, but a beautiful crimson berry, shining like a ruby among the dark green leaves.

9. Even the plants around could not help but admire her, and said among themselves, "What can

have happened to little Strawberry-blossom? She is quite changed."

10. "I will tell you who sent me to you," whispered the sunbeam. "It was the glorious sun himself. He is always there, high up in the sky, watching over all; and he sends his children, the sunbeams, to brighten and make glad the earth."

See that little sunbeam
Darting through the room,
Lighting up the darkness,
Scattering the gloom.

Let me be a sunbeam
Everywhere I go,
Making glad and happy
Every one I know.

(Selected.)

THE DOG, THE CAT, AND THE PARROT.

*h*ŏn'or (ẽr) ȧbl*e*	pŭn'ĭsh*e*d	prŏm*p*t'ly
ŏp pŏr tū'nĭ tȳ̆	Bōs*e*	Tăb'ĭ thȧ
fā'vor (vẽr) ĭt*e*	dĭs cŭs'sion (kŭsh ŭn)	pŭz'zl*e*d
pẽr sĭst'ĭng	dḗ cē*i*v*e*d'	fa̤*w*n

1. Bose, the dog, Tabitha, the cat, and Poll, the parrot were alone together. Polly lived in a strong cage, and was expected to stay there, except when she was invited to come out. She was out now, certainly, and the cage door stood open. She was a handsome bird, and a great talker.

2. Bose was a very good fellow, and a useful member of the family. Tabby was a good cat, as cats go. She was fond of milk, and sometimes caught a mouse. She would fawn around you if you had a cooky in your hand, or fly at you with her sharp claws if you chanced to tread on her tail. But she was well enough. Bose and Tabby lived peacefully together. Not a "cat and dog's life" at all, but a friendly sort of life.

3. Polly had tricks that were not agreeable. She would call "Kitty, Kitty, Kitty, Kitty!" and when Tabby ran to see why she was wanted, Polly would salute her with a fierce "Scat!" followed by a laugh. And she whistled for Bose so that he was puzzled, and could not tell which was his mistress and which was Polly.

4. Bose and Tabby had been having a little discussion. There stood on the table a sugar-bowl, and some empty cups and saucers. Tabby had wished to climb up on the table, and had put her forepaws on the edge of it, but Bose had said, "No, Tabby, not while I am here!"

5. Tabby knew there was no use in persisting, so she dropped the subject. There was nothing on the table but sugar, and she never ate that. She had thought, however, that there might be some small drops of milk in the cups. Now Bose was fond of sugar, but he was much too honest to touch it without leave.

6. While Bose and Tabby were having their little talk, Polly had flown to the table and had helped herself to a lump of sugar, and was now

sitting on the droplight, talking to herself. "Polly, Polly! Pretty Polly! Good Polly!"

7. "Oh!" said Tabby, "I have a mind to pull out her tail-feathers." Bose said nothing. Perhaps he ought to have objected; but his feelings were so strong against Polly, that he felt almost willing to see her punished a little.

8. When Polly had eaten the sugar, she began to call "Kitty, Kitty, Kitty, Kitty!" and although Tabby had been deceived before, she allowed herself to think that Polly might possibly have something for her this time; so she promptly obeyed, and was rewarded with the usual "Scat!"

9. "Meow!" said Tabby, as she jumped upon a chair and clawed at Polly's feathers. Polly took no notice of her, but flew to the table for another lump of sugar. Tabby saw her opportunity, sprang after Polly, and seized her by the neck.

10. Bose rushed forward to separate them, and in some way pulled the table-cloth, cups, sugar, parrot, and cat to the floor.

11. Polly feebly muttered, "Polly wants a —" and then closed her eyes and hung her head. "O

Tabby, what have you done!" said Bose, plainly as a dog could say it.

12. "I only meant to pull out her tail-feathers," said Tabby, "but now she is dead, I might as well eat her." "*No!*" said Bose, "I forbid it. Bow-wow!"

13. Tabby carried poor Polly under the table, seated herself on the sofa-cushion, washed her paws, and curled down for a nap. Bose sat on the hearth-rug, mournfully gazing at the scene, and saying to himself, "O Tabby, what have we done! What will mistress say!"

14. "If you 'll let me eat Polly she 'll think she's lost," said Tabby. "I will not," replied Bose, "so don't think of such a thing. Poor Polly! I wish she were alive and on her perch again."

15. "You do, do you?" said Tabby, "I thought you did n't like her." "I know it," said Bose, "but she was a lively bird."

16. "Yes," said Tabby. "She had bright feathers, too." "How fond mistress was of her!" said Bose. "I suppose she liked to hear her talk," added Tabby.

17. "And well she might. She was a good talker. Worth a dozen of you or me," said Bose. "She could n't purr," said Tabby. "Perhaps she could," said Bose. "Well, there's one thing we can do," said Tabby. "We can take Polly, and put a —"

18. "Cracker! Cracker! Polly wants a cracker!" said a husky voice; and Polly herself crawled from under the table, and flew up on the drop-light. "Polly! Polly! Pretty Polly! Good Polly! Mother! Mother! Never mind! Never mind! Kitty, Kitty, Kitty, Kitty! Scat! Ha, ha, ha, ha!" screamed Polly, ending with a laugh.

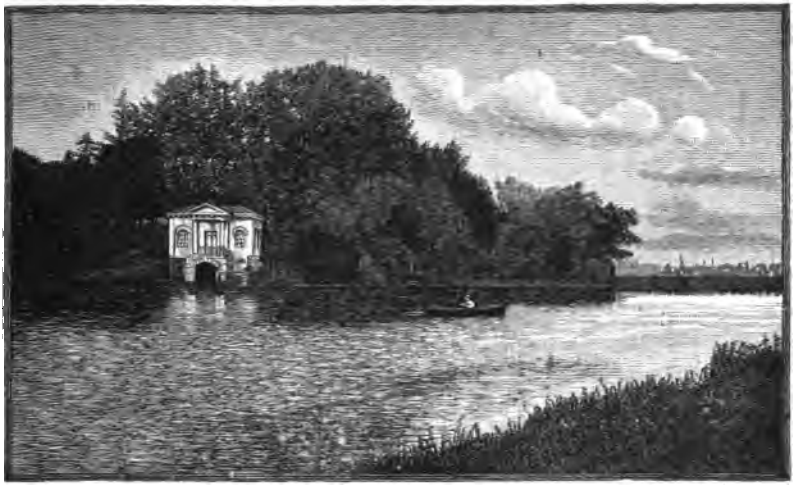
19. While Bose and Tabby stood rapt in astonishment, the door opened, and in came the mistress. She gazed at the table a moment. "O Bose!" said she, "did you do this mischief?"

20. Bose hung his head and withdrew into a corner, but Tabby came boldly forward with a loud "Purr-meow!" and rubbed against her mistress's dress. "Why, Polly!" said the mistress, as she spied the parrot on her perch, "how did you get out?" and she put her into the cage and

fastened the door. "Never mind! Never mind! Ha, ha, ha!" said Polly.

21. Then the mistress rang the bell, and as the servant came in to put things to rights Bose slipped out. Tabby laid herself on the sofa-cushion, and Polly was presented by her mistress with a large lump of sugar. If Polly the talker could have related to her mistress the whole story, would n't she have been surprised!

ANNIE MOORE.



CHARLES RIVER, NEAR ELMWOOD.

SCHOOL DAYS.

mĭn'nō*w*s	dŭnç*e*	pŏ*c*k'ĕts	stē*e*d
rḗ cīt'ĕd	wĭl'lō*w*	ăd mīr*e*'	whĭs'*tle*

1. James Russell Lowell went to school in a little house not far from his home. In those days the children began their reading by learning the alphabet. Then they put letters together, saying, a–b *ab*, e–b *eb*, and so on.

2. In this school they recited their lessons in chorus. The teacher seemed to know who had learned them and who had not. If any child

did n't learn his lessons he had to wear a tall dunce cap. There was a high stool, too, for the dunce to sit upon.

3. The good children had pretty cards to carry home. If a child was very good, his teacher let him wear home a silver half dollar hung on a ribbon; but he was to bring it back the next day. Some of the children in this school came from a distance. They stayed all day and brought their dinners in tin pails.

4. What good times these children had at their play! They would bend pins to make fish hooks, and catch little minnows. They played horse, and rode upon sticks cut from the willow bushes.

5. In the springtime their pockets were filled with marbles, and often with balls and tops too. In the fall they gathered horse-chestnuts, and sometimes they dug in wet places for sweet flag-root.

6. Near by was the Charles River with boats sailing over its quiet waters. Sometimes a farmer who often drove along as James was going home, would let him ride with him. He used to tell

him about horses, and James admired his steed, which made the old farmer smile. He told James never to buy a horse that wore four white stockings.

7. The old farmer was a polite man, and always bowed to every one so kindly that James never forgot it. When they reached the lane leading to the house, James would leave the farmer and begin to whistle, and in the fall he would wade through the fallen leaves as he ran up to the house.

8. His mother loved to hear his whistle, for it told her that her dear boy was coming home. His little dog would run to meet him, He would bark and wag his tail for joy when he saw James coming, for he missed his little playfellow.

9. When James became older he went to school to Mr. William Wells. Mr. Wells was a fine teacher, and he studied with him for many years.



NORTH WIND AND THE SHIP.

frŏl'ĭc	hĭn'dẽr	rĭp'pled
spēed	fōam	ĕs cāpe'
mȧsts	sprĕad	nēe dles

1. "Now for a frolic!" said North Wind, one day. "I want to take a long run, with nothing to hinder me. I'll go out on the ocean. There are no hills or trees there, and I shall have a fine time." So he went out on the sea and began to rush along at great speed.

2. The water rippled and grew white with foam under his footsteps, and the great waves began to rise and toss. "This is fun," said North Wind, and he rushed on for many miles. He was going faster and faster when a ship appeared just

ahead of him. It spread its sails like arms, and caught him.

3. "Let me go," he cried, and tried to tear the sails from the mast. "No, indeed," said the mast. "We have been waiting for you. You must take us home to the shore."

4. North Wind was very angry; but he could not escape, so he drove the ship along before him. As he worked, he talked to the mast. "Where did you come from?" he asked.

5. "I came from a pine forest," said the mast. "When I lived there I was covered with brown bark. I had long branches and beautiful needles, which were my leaves, and they were green both in winter and in summer.

6. "I lived there for many years, and then some men cut me down, and made me into a mast for a ship. I had to say 'Good-bye' to my long branches and my pretty needles; but I am glad to be of some use in the world. Some of the trees are cut into pieces and burned, but I stand as straight as ever."

7. "So you do," muttered North Wind, "and

you put a stop to my fun. I do not care for masts. They make me too much work. If I find any trees like you, I shall blow them down or break them, so they will not be fit for masts."

NORTH WIND AND THE PINE TREES.

här′bor (bẽr)	găl′lȯp (lŭp)	brō′k*e*n
brē*a*th*e*d	caught (ka̤t)	weight (wāt)
whĩrl*e*d	dăsh*e*d	flē*e*′çy̆

1. North Wind worked hard, and before many days the ship was safe in the harbor. "Now I am going to find that pine forest," said North Wind, and he went off on a mad gallop.

2. After hunting about for some little time, he came upon a forest of pine trees. They were standing tall and straight, and were green and handsome.

3. "I 'll blow them all down," muttered North Wind, and he rushed upon them with great force. But they let him slip between their branches, and only bowed their tall trunks and whispered to one another.

4. North Wind tried again and again, but after all his efforts the trees were standing straight and strong as before. North Wind stopped to think. "I know what I will do," he said. "You will be sorry that you kept those needles. I will pile them high with snow-flakes, and then your branches will break.

5. "I once saw a forest when the snow had come early, and the leaves were still on the trees. Those leaves caught so many snow-flakes that the branches and some of the trees were broken."

6. Then North Wind began blowing some clouds together, until he had a beautiful, white, fleecy mass. He then breathed upon them with his icy breath, and soon the snow-flakes began to fall.

7. How the wind danced! He blew the snow-flakes upon the pine trees until they were white and their branches bent with the weight. "Ha! ha!" laughed he. "A few more, and crack will go your branches. No one will want you for masts."

8. He took a great armful of the snow-flakes, whirled them about and dashed them upon the

bending branches. Then he gave a roar and rushed upon them.

9. The branches trembled for a moment, and then bending, let the burden of snow slide off to the ground below. The branches spread once more, and the needles stood up as straight as ever.

10. The trees swayed toward one another, and the needles whispered about North Wind, and what fun it was to see him work. As for North Wind, he went home and let the pine trees alone for a long time.

Little white Lily sat by a stone,
Drooping and waiting till the sun shone.
Little white Lily sunshine has fed;
Little white Lily is lifting her head.

Little white Lily droopeth with pain,
Waiting and waiting for the wet rain.
Little white Lily holdeth her cup;
Rain is fast falling and filling it up.

Little white Lily smells very sweet,
On her head sunshine, rain at her feet.
Thanks to the sunshine, thanks to the rain!
Little white Lily is happy again.

George Macdonald.



LULU AND HER DOLL MINNIE.

HOW LULU GOT LOST.

squēezed	vil'lăġe	dē pär'tĕd
prĕs'ent lȳ	văn'ĭshed	ŭn drĕssed'
frīght'ĕned	wāil'ĭng	cōaxed
rŭb'bĭng	strēak	whĭp'po͝or wĭlls

1. Lulu was a little black-eyed girl, with a slight, dancing figure, a delicate face, and a blue and white sun-bonnet. Whoever saw Lulu from

six o'clock in the morning until six in the evening was sure to see that same little sun-bonnet.

2. Lulu must have been about three years old when she "got lost." If you will wait a minute, I will tell you how I know. One day as I sat by my work-table, sewing busily, she came quietly into the room, — Minnie, blue sun-bonnet, and all, — and seated herself in a little chair by my side.

3. I patted the tiny, wistful face, and then turned to my work again. Those button-holes must be finished before dark! After a while the brown head rested against my arm, and at length a low, tearful voice beside me said, "If I had a little girl, just about three years old, I should pet her a great deal!"

4. Down went the work. Button-holes were of small account after *that!* "Pet her a great deal!" Children, Lulu is a tall girl now, taller than any of you; but I do not think she has ever lacked petting from that day to this.

So I know Lulu must have been "just about three years old" when she got lost.

5. A few days after that, as we were all at the tea-table, — Minnie, head downward, squeezed into the high-chair with Lulu, and the sun-bonnet tossed upon the sofa, — the little girl's papa said, "I must drive to the village after tea; could n't I take Lulu with me?"

"O no!" I answered. "It is too late. She must go to bed in half an hour."

6. Lulu opened her eyes wide, but said nothing. Presently she finished her bread and butter, slipped down from her chair, took Minnie (wrong end up, of course) and the sun-bonnet, and vanished.

In half an hour I said to her nurse, "Louise, you had better go and find Lulu. It is time she was undressed."

7. Louise departed; and I heard her out in the yard calling "Lulu! Lulu!" But no sweet, childish voice replied. I traced Louise, by the sound, from swing to garden, from garden to corn-house, from corn-house to barn. Then, growing uneasy, I went out.

8. "What is it, Louise? Can't you find Lulu?"

"No, ma'am," she answered; "I can't find her anywhere."

I rushed to the kitchen. "Mary, have you seen anything of Lulu?"

9. By that time Louise and I had become frightened. Our nearest neighbor was nearly half a mile off, and the child was not in the habit of going to the creek alone.

"Louise," I said, "do you go up the road to Mr. Van Arm's. I'll take Hugh and go down to the creek."

10. We started in different directions as soon as possible. As I passed the barn-yard, I shouted to Hugh, "Hugh, leave your milking, and come with me."

How I hurried down the lane, looking behind every pile of boards, peering beneath every bush, and calling "Lulu! Lulu!" at every step.

11. She was not to be found. There were no traces of her at the creek; no little footprints in the sand, no sign of doll or sun-bonnet. I glanced once, and only once, down into the clear water. I could not look there for my darling,—not yet.

12. It was after sundown, and I hastened back to the house. The whippoorwills were wailing in the woods. The shrill scream of the katydids sounded from the nearer trees. I shivered in the damp night air. But where was Lulu? O, if her father were only here!

13. As if in answer to my wish he drove into the yard at that very moment. I flew to his side and told him all there was to tell.

"Don't be frightened, dear," he said. "The darling can't be far off."

14. But half an hour afterward, when there was just a faint streak of daylight in the west, he took my hand in his and led me into the house.

"You can be of no use here," he said. "Go in and stay with little Willie. He needs you."

15. I obeyed him, casting but one glance at his face, which was pale and anxious. Taking the baby from his cradle, I undressed him, my heart growing more and more heavy. Night was darkening the earth, and where was my child, — the one little daughter that God had given me?

16. Louise came in with warm milk for Willie. Her cheeks were wet.

"They 've gone down to the creek again," she said.

That was why I had been coaxed into the house, then. My head sank into my hands, and for the first time that night I wept.

17. But just at that moment the door flew open, and there stood Miss Lulu,—her hair in a tumbled state, a look of sleepy wonder in her great, dark eyes, Minnie tucked under one arm, and the sun-bonnet under the other. I laughed and cried in the same breath.

18. "O Lulu! my child! We thought you were lost, were drowned. Where were you? Where was mamma's darling?"

"I don't know. Asleep, I guess," she said, rubbing her eyes in an absent sort of way.

19. "But your hair is full of straws, and your dress is in such a tumble! Where has Lulu been? Tell mamma!" I added, clasping my treasure closely to my heart, while I covered the little face with kisses. "Where have you been ever since tea?"

"In papa's big wagon, under the seat!"

20. The child had climbed into a great wagon that stood in one corner of the yard, as soon as she left the tea-table; and, feeling tired, had crept under the seat, with Minnie in her arms, and fallen fast asleep. We had passed the wagon at least a dozen times, but she was hidden, and no one thought of looking there.

21. "What did you get into the wagon for?" I asked. "You 'll hurt yourself some time, climbing into all sorts of places."

"Lulu and Minnie going to ride," she said, patting my cheek softly. "Mamma said, 'too late to go to the village with papa.' So we take just a little ride in the big wagon."

The little witch! But that is the way Lulu got lost.

Julia C. R. Dorr.

THE TOWN MUSICIANS.

Part I.

dĭs cȯv′ẽr*e*d	dė tẽr′mĭn*e*d	mū′si c*a*l
Brĕm′en	gȧsp′ĭng	dĭs′m*a*l
ĕx pē′rĭ*e*nc*e*	ăc cŭs′tȯm*e*d	fū′gĭ tĭv*e*s
sŭm′mĭt	rōōst′ẽr	prō pōs′*a*l

1. A donkey who had carried sacks to the mill for his master during many long years, felt his strength fail at last, so that he could no longer work for his living.

2. His master thought of getting rid of his old servant, that he might save the expense of his food. But the donkey discovered his intentions, and determined to run away.

3. So he took the road to Bremen, where he had often heard the street band playing, and he thought he could be as musical as they were.

4. He had not traveled far when he saw a hound lying on the road, and gasping for breath, as if he were tired of running.

"Why are you panting so, friend?" asked the donkey.

5. "Ah," he replied, "now that I am old, and get each day weaker and weaker, I can no more go to the hunt, and my master has ordered me to be killed, so I have run away, but how I am to earn my living I don't know."

6. "Will you go with me?" said the donkey. "Do you know I am going to try my fortune as a street musician in Bremen; I think you and I could easily earn a living by music; I can play the lute, and you can beat the kettle-drum."

7. The dog was quite contented, and so they both walked on together.

Not long after, they saw a cat sitting in the road with a face as dismal as three days of rainy weather.

"Now what has come across you, old cat?" asked the donkey.

8. "How can one be merry when one has a collar on?" said the cat. "Now I am getting old, and my teeth have become stumps, I cannot catch mice, and I like to lie behind the stove and purr, but when I found they were going to drown me and my wife, I ran away as fast as I could. My

experience has cost me dear, and now what am I to do?"

9. "Go with us to Bremen," said the donkey; "you are accustomed to perform night music, I know, so you can easily become a street musician in the town."

"With all my heart," said the cat, so he walked on with them.

10. After traveling some little distance the three friends came to a farm-yard, and on the gate stood a rooster crowing with all his might.

"Why are you standing there and screaming so?" said the donkey.

11. "I will tell you," replied the rooster. "I foretold fine weather at Lady-Day, and there was fine weather, but the housekeeper has no pity, for I heard the cook say that there is company coming on Sunday, and she shall want me put into the soup.

"So this evening I expect to lose my head; therefore I shall crow at the top of my voice as long as I can."

12. "Listen, Red Comb," said the donkey;

"would you like to run away with us? We are going to Bremen, and you will find something better there than to be made into soup; you have a fine voice, and we are all musical by nature."

13. The rooster readily fell in with this proposal, and they all four went away together.

They could not, however, reach Bremen in one day, and evening came on just as they entered a wood, so they decided to stay all night.

14. The donkey and the dog laid themselves down under a large tree, but the cat made himself comfortable on the branches. The rooster flew to the top of the tree, where he felt himself quite safe.

THE TOWN MUSICIANS.

Part II.

pŏ sĭ′tion(shŭn) här′bor(bẽr) of rĕf′ūġe cŏn sŭlt′ĕd
ăp prōach′*e*d ăc cŏm′plĭsh*e*d trē mĕn′d*o*ŭs

1. Before they slept, the rooster, who from his high position could see to all points of the compass, discovered in the distance a tiny light burning, and calling to his comrades, told them he was sure that they were not far from a house in which a light was shining.

2. "Then," said the donkey, "we must go on to this light, for there is plainly a refuge for us." And the hound said he should be glad of a little piece of meat, or some bones, if he could get nothing else.

3. So they were very soon on their way to the place where the light shone, and it grew larger and brighter as they approached, till they saw that it came from the window of a robber's cave. The donkey, who was the tallest, went near and looked in.

4. "What is to be seen, old donkey?" said the rooster.

"What do I see?" answered the donkey; "why, a table laid out with plenty to eat and drink, and robbers sitting at it and enjoying themselves."

5. "That ought to be our supper," said the rooster.

"Yes, yes," the donkey replied, "if we were only inside." Then the animals consulted together as to what they had better do to drive the robbers away; at last they fixed upon a plan.

6. The donkey was to stand on his hind legs and place his fore feet on the window-sill, and the dog to stand on his back. The cat was then to climb on the dog; and, above them all, the rooster promised to fly and perch on the cat's back.

7. As soon as this was done, at a signal given, they all began to perform their music together. The donkey brayed, the hound barked, the cat mewed, and the rooster crowed.

The robbers, hearing such a horrible outcry above them, fled in great terror to the wood behind the house.

8. Then our four comrades rushed in, placed themselves near or upon the table, and took whatever was before them, which the robbers had left, and ate as if they had been hungry for a month.

When the four musicians had finished, they put out the light, and each found a sleeping-place most easy and suitable to his nature and habits.

9. The donkey laid himself down at full length in the yard, the dog crouched behind the door, the cat rolled himself up on the hearth among the warm ashes, while the rooster perched on the beam in the roof; and they were all so tired with their long journey that they were soon fast asleep.

10. About midnight, one of the robbers from a distance, seeing that the light was out and all quiet, told their chief, who said —

"I do not think there has been any cause for fear after all."

Then he called one of their number and sent him to the house to see if it was all right.

11. The messenger, finding everything still, went into the kitchen to strike a light, and seeing the glaring fiery eyes of the cat looking like

a live coal, held a match towards them that he might set fire to it. But puss flew up, spit on him, and scratched his face.

12. This frightened him so terribly that he rushed to the door; but the dog, who lay there, sprang out upon him and bit him in the leg as he went by.

13. In the court he ran against the donkey, who gave him a kick with his hind foot, while the rooster on the beam, aroused by the noise, became alive and brisk in a moment, and cried out as loudly as he could, "Cock-a-doodle-doo."

14. Then the robber ran back as fast as he could to his chief.

"Ah, me," he said, "in that house is a horrible witch who flew at me, and scratched me down the face with her long fingers. Then by the door stood a man with a knife who stabbed me in the leg.

15. "Out in the court lay a black monster who struck me a violent blow with his wooden leg; and up in the roof sat the judge who cried, 'Bring me the scoundrels here.' On that I made off as fast as possible."

16. From the moment that they heard this, the robbers never again entered the house, but escaped as quickly from the place as they could. The four musicians found themselves in such good quarters that they would not leave, and the last heard of them was, that they intended to remain there.

GRIMM BROTHERS.

THE OWL.

When cats run home and light is come,
And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,
And the whirring sail goes round;
And the whirring sail goes round;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

ALFRED TENNYSON.



THE WILLOWS NEAR ELMWOOD.

LOWELL'S YOUTH.

wĭt'tȳ	course (kōrs)	Blånch*e*
twĭn'kl*e*d	lạ*w*'yẽr	pĭ ăz'zȧ
hĭn'dẽrs	strĕ*t*ch	prăc'tĭç*e*

1. When James Russell Lowell was fifteen years old, he entered Harvard College.

He learned his lessons very easily, but loved to read poetry better than to study.

2. Elmwood was full of books and James had always loved to read them. His mother was a help to him in choosing his books and talking

of them to him. He admired noble men and women, and grand thoughts.

He was very quick and bright, and made witty answers; but was always kind-hearted. He was a good son and a firm friend.

3. He wrote very fine letters, and often put his thoughts into verse.

After his course at Harvard, he went to the Law School and intended to be a lawyer; but he loved poetry better than the law books, and soon gave up his practice.

4. His first book of poems was written in 1840, when he was twenty-one years of age. It was called "A Year's Life."

About this time, Mr Lowell, as we must call him now, met a young lady named Maria White. She was beautiful and good, and he loved her dearly.

5. She had a sweet voice and used to sing and recite verses. When the young people were together they often said, "Maria, will you sing for us?"

Then she would sing some sweet song as they

sat out under the trees or on the piazza. Sometimes she answered, "I would rather say than sing," and then recited some poem. She wrote poems also.

6. She and Mr. Lowell were married in 1845. Mrs. Lowell was a lovely lady, and Elmwood was a very happy home with her sweet life in it. She was gentle and fair as a lily, and seemed to make everything she touched more beautiful.

7. A dear little baby was born at Elmwood. Her name was Blanche. She was a happy baby and soon learned to know her father, who loved to take care of her.

8. "Our little Blanche is everything to us," he wrote to a friend. "She almost hinders me from doing anything but tend and look at her. She is said by everybody to be a fine child." He said it was worth going a long distance to see her in the morning. She would stretch out her hands for her father and smile from her lips to her eyelids. Her hair was so golden that Mr. Lowell said the light of Heaven was in it.

9. Little Blanche lived for about a year. Then

God took her. Mr. Lowell missed his dear little baby very much. He hung her shoes over her picture in his study, and thought very often of his dear little one.

10. One morning when Mr. Lowell looked from his window, he saw a beautiful sight. The snow had been falling all night and was heaped upon the trees and fences. A flock of snow-birds flew by like a whirl of brown leaves.

11. His daughter Mabel looked up into her father's face, saying, "Father, who makes it snow?" He took her in his arms and told her how God sends the snow to cover the roots, sleeping through the winter.

12. Then he thought how God helped him to bear his sorrow hour by hour, as the snow-flakes fall, and whispered,—

> . . . "The merciful Father
> Alone can make it fall."

Then he kissed his little girl, and she kissed him; but his eyes were looking beyond to the churchyard, and the kiss was for Baby Blanche.



A MORNING SCENE AFTER A FIRST SNOW-FALL.

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

glō*a*m'ĭng	ẽ*a*rl	rĭ*d*ġ*e*d
ẽr'mĭn*e*	flŭr'ries (rĭz)	Chăn'tĭ clē*e*r
hī*gh*'wā*y*	mound	lĕ*a*d'*e*n

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
  And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
  With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
  Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
  Was ridged inch-deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
  Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails softened to swan's-down
  And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
  The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
  Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
  Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
  As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spake our own little Mabel,
  Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-father
  Who cares for us all below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
  And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow
  When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
  That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
  The scar that renewed our woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
  "The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
  Alone can make it fall!"

Then with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
  And she, kissing back, could not know
That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
  Folded close under deepening snow.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Read Longfellow's "The Two Angels." References to Lowell's children may be found in his poems called "She Came and Went," and "The Changeling."

THE BOY WHO TRIED.

ġĕn'tle man	news'(nūz) pā pẽrs	ẽar'nĕst
hăp'pen ed	brĕak'fast	yĕs'tẽr dāy
prăc'tĭs ed	sĭt ū ā'tion (shŭn)	ăd vẽr'tĭse mĕnt

1. Some time ago there was a gentleman in Boston who was in business and had a large store. He wanted a boy, and he put an advertisement in the newspapers. The next morning, about nine o'clock, a dozen boys had come to the gentleman's office, to apply for the situation.

2. The gentleman went in, and looked at them. They were all nice-looking boys, tidy and earnest. They looked as if they really wanted to get something to do. He hardly knew how to make up his mind which one to take.

3. So at last he said, "Boys, you all want this place; but I can take only one of you; and I am going to take rather a queer way of finding out which boy I will have."

4. There was a post by his desk, and there was a nail driven straight in. He took a walking-stick and said, "The first boy that can strike

that nail on the head with this stick twice out of three times shall have the place."

5. One boy jumped up; he thought it was very easy;—"I will do it." He got the stick, and walked steadily up. Whack! on that side. He walked up again. Whack! on this side. He walked up again. Whack! and he went under it, and gave it up. They all tried, and none of them could do it. So the gentleman said, "Boys, you won't do; I cannot take any of you," and they went off.

6. He kept the advertisement in the papers, and the next morning another lot of boys came, and among them he saw one who had been there the day before; and he said, "My lad, were n't you here yesterday?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy.

"You did not hit the nail then," said the gentleman; "can you hit it now?"

"I think I can"; and with that the boy took the stick and walked straight up. Whack! He struck it plump on the head!

7. "Ah," said the gentleman, "you just happened to do it that time; you can't do it again."

Whack! plump on the head of it, went the stick the second time.

"Now, do it again," said the man.

Whack! plump on the head he struck it the third time!

"Well," said the gentleman, "will you tell me how you did that?"

8. "Yes," said the boy; "when I left here yesterday, I knew the thing could be done, or you would not have asked us to do it; and I thought that if I kept on trying a while, I could do it. So I went home, and got mother to give me a hammer, a nail, and a broomstick. I went into the yard, drove a nail into the fence, and practised all day with the broomstick, till I could do it; and I got up an hour before breakfast this morning, and tried again."

9. The gentleman said, "you are the boy for me," and gave him the situation. Whatever the boy had to do he tried to do his best; and it was not very long before he became the chief clerk in the store.

REV. RICHARD NEWTON.

LOWELL'S MANHOOD.

Spāin	Wā'vẽr ley̆	Lȯn'dȯn
cŏn'stant	prō fĕs'sor (ẽr)	mȯnth'ly̆
nō'tĭçed	prĕs'ĭ dent	strĕngth
măg ȧ zine'(zēn)	căs cāde'	lĭn'gẽr

1. Mr. Lowell's life at Elmwood was very happy. He spent many hours writing books of prose and poetry. His wife was a constant help to him, because of her loving interest in his work.

2. He took many long walks, sometimes following the Charles River or wandering in the woods by Fresh Pond.

He loved to climb the hills, visit the old oaks at Waverley or to linger beside the cascade at Beaver Brook.

3. While taking these walks, he noticed the birds, trees, and flowers. He knew the birds by their notes, the color of their feathers, and the way in which they flew through the air.

4. In 1851 he and his wife went abroad for a year. Mrs. Lowell was not well, and he hoped the

trip would give her strength, but she died in 1853.

On the night when she died a little baby was born in Mr. Longfellow's home, and this kind-hearted poet wrote a touching poem on the event and called it "The Two Angels." The angel of life came to Mr. Longfellow's home while the angel of death came to that of his friend and neighbor.

5. In 1853 he took Mr. Longfellow's place as professor at Harvard College, first going abroad to study.

Several years later he became editor of a magazine called the "Atlantic Monthly."

When Mr. Hayes was president, Mr. Lowell was sent to Spain and later to London as Minister from America.

6. He loved his country and served it well for six years. He then came to America and spent his summers with his daughter, going back to England for the winter.

7. When his grandsons were ready for college, Mr. Lowell went with his daughter to the old

home at Elmwood; but it seemed a lonely place to him, for he missed many dear faces.



MR. LOWELL IN HIS LIBRARY AT ELMWOOD.

8. He died at his home in Cambridge in August, 1891, and his old friends will never forget him. He has left many friends who never saw his face, but who learned to know and love him through his writings.



JULIA C. R. DORR.

This is a picture of Mrs. Dorr. Her home is in Rutland, Vermont, on a hillside near Otter Creek. All about the house grow maple trees, and she calls her home "The Maples." The view of the Green Mountains from her house is very beautiful.

The story called, "How Lulu got lost," on page twenty-five, was written by Mrs. Dorr. Lulu, who now has children of her own, is her only daughter.

The next story, about "Our Fanny," was also written by this charming writer.

Mrs. Dorr has written many beautiful poems and stories.



A VIEW ON THE RIVER BELOW "THE MAPLES."

OUR FANNY.

Part I.

dĭs trăct′ing	fôrt′nīght	ăs çĕnd′ĕd
ĕx tĕnd′ĕd	clŭs′tĕred	bound′ed
rė flĕct′ĕd	prĕp ȧ rā′tion (shŭn)	pōrt fō′ lĭ ȯ

1. Once for a whole fortnight it was very still at The Maples. Everything was in a state of order. Not a chair was out of place. The rug lay undisturbed upon the hearth, and the tables did

not need dusting from one day's end to another. The truth was, that Lulu and Willie and Harry, with their papa and their big brother, had gone to visit uncles and aunts and cousins a great way off.

2. Mamma was not well enough to go on a journey with such a party of little people. So she helped pack the trunks and the lunch-basket, buttoned up coats and cloaks about the eager, dancing figures that could scarcely keep still the while, kissed all the little faces,—said good-bye to everybody, and then seated herself at the little table in the library to write a story.

3. But she found the stillness more distracting than the patter of tiny feet and the murmur of childish voices. The brain children, both little and big, with whom she had to deal, would do and say just the things they should not have done and said. So at last she closed her portfolio in despair, and, hunting up her knitting work, determined to wait until her own real flesh-and-blood children, with their bright eyes and rosy cheeks, should come home again.

4. The fortnight came to an end at last, and one chilly evening in March, Mick drove to the depot to meet the returning travelers. The train was on time, and ere long carriage wheels slowly ascended the hill. Presently there was a rush, a murmur, a bursting open of the door; and a small whirlwind of coats, cloaks, extended arms, and laughing faces came in with the night air.

After all, it was a great deal better than the going away.

"Is n't it funny?" said Willie. "We were so glad to go, and now we are ever so much more glad to come back!"

5. "O mamma! we 've got her! we 've got her!" shouted little Harry, trying to free himself from his muffler.

"Yes, and she is just the dearest little thing!" said Lulu, tossing her muff on the sofa.

"That 's so!" cried Willie. "Mamma, you never saw such a pretty little creature in all your life."

"Just about as tall as I," added Harry, in his turn.

6. "A brown coat," continued Willie.

"The tiniest little feet," persisted Harry.

"You 'll want to put your arms right round her neck and pet her," cried Lulu. "Cousin Jule did."

"Her name is Fanny," said they all in one breath.

"And all her things are coming! She 's got —"

Here Master Will paused, for papa began to laugh at mamma's look.

7. "Whatever are you all talking about?" the latter asked at length. "Name Fanny; brown coat; tiny feet; as tall as Harry, and all her clothes coming! What—"

"O mamma! I did n't say *clothes*, I said *things*," cried Willie, with a scream of laughter.

"But she 's coming to-morrow, truly," said Lulu gravely.

"Who? What are you talking about? Has Lulu found the little sister she has been hunting for, so many years?"

"Why mamma! don't you know, really?" shouted one and all. "We thought papa had written you all about it."

8. Mamma shook her head. A hush fell upon the laughing group.

Then Lulu said, "Don't let us tell her, boys, and she will be so surprised to-morrow."

"Agreed," said Willie. "But then there's Harry. He's so little, he'll be sure to tell. He can't keep a secret."

"Ho! see if I can't," said Harry, straightening himself up. "I can keep a secret just as well as if I was bigger."

"I'll trust Harry," said Lulu, laying her hand lovingly upon his head. "The real trouble is, that papa always tells mamma everything."

9. Papa laughed. "Too true, little daughter. But I won't betray you this time."

"Won't you tell, truly now?" and the light figures clustered about him like bees about a flower.

"Not a word; mamma shall be surprised to-morrow."

"But, mamma," whispered Lulu, as she came for her good-night kiss, "it is n't the little sister. I only wish it was."

OUR FANNY.

PART II.

dē līght′	ĕx ăm′ĭne	ĭn dĭf′fēr ençe
fȧ mĭl′iar (yẽr)	ȧ băshed′	crēa′tūre
ĭn trō dūçe′	nĭb′blĭng	sŏm′ẽr sault

1. The next morning, at least three children in this world were up early.

"Is the clock right, mamma?" asked Willie, as he rose from the breakfast table. "Seems to me it is too slow. Only eight o'clock."

"Perfectly right, my son. Why, do you think it too slow?"

"I think he is in a hurry to surprise you, mamma," said little Harry. "Papa says he is to go to the depot at eleven o'clock."

"To meet your new friend?"

"Yes, ma'am," was the reply; and Harry ran off to Lulu. But he need not have been uneasy. Mamma was quite willing to be surprised.

2. Half past eight. Nine. Half past nine. Ten. How slowly the hours passed! But at length it was half past ten.

"There, mamma! now it is really time for Willie to go to the depot," cried Lulu. "Here, Will, here are your cap and mittens."

3. With a spring Willie bounded down the hill, and was soon out of sight.

"There's the train! I hear the whistle," said Lulu. "O, I do hope Willie has got there! Fanny will be so frightened if—" then with a quick glance at mamma, she finished in a whisper.

4. In about half an hour there was a great clapping of hands.

"There they come! there they come! But, O mamma, don't come to the window yet,—not quite yet, please!"

"Never you fear," was the laughing reply; "you can call me when you want me."

5. So Lulu and Harry went out to meet Willie. There were little shouts of laughter and hurried whispers; but mamma never so much as glanced toward the window. She was to be surprised for once in her life, if such a thing were possible. Presently Lulu entered.

6. "Now, mamma, we want you to come and be introduced to Fanny. She is here waiting."

"Why did n't you bring her in and take off her bonnet first?" asked mamma. "She must be cold."

Harry clapped his hands over his mouth, but in spite of that a laugh found its way out between his fingers.

7. The children led mamma out on the piazza, and there stood Willie holding Fannie, not by the hand, but by the — bridle!

"Now did n't we tell you so, mamma?" the children began all at once. "Is n't she just the dearest little thing? and has n't she a brown coat? and tiny little feet? And see her head is just as high as Harry's, and she is as good-natured as a kitten. Not a bit afraid of the cars, — O you dear little Fanny!"

8. Mamma did not wonder that they were delighted. There the new-comer stood, — a dear little Shetland pony about as large as a sheep, brown as a berry, with a long mane and tail, lifting her small feet daintily, but so gentle, that even wee Harry might caress her without fear

of a kick or a bite. The dear mother was astonished, and she admired the pretty creature until the children were satisfied.

9. "But where are her 'things'?" she asked at length. "Did not the young lady bring them with her?"

"They are all at the depot," Willie exclaimed, "but you see I could not bring them. Mamma! there's a real buggy, painted red, white, and blue, with such funny little wheels! and a harness, and a saddle, and a whip, and everything! O dear, I really am afraid I shall go crazy!" and, dropping the bridle, the boy turned a somersault in his delight.

10. A world of new delight was opened to the children at The Maples. The next summer was one never to be forgotten. Long before the June roses faded, the little people had become quite familiar with the art of horsemanship. Very early in the morning, mamma would hear light footsteps in the chamber overhead; and, more than half asleep herself, she would turn over, and say, "Lulu is preparing for a ride this morning."

11. "Lulu is going to saddle the pony herself, this morning," would be the next thought; and sure enough, in a very short time Fanny would appear, "All saddled, all bridled, all fit for the ride," every strap in the right place, and every buckle fastened by her young mistress's own small fingers.

12. Lulu would mount and away! Cantering fearlessly over the quiet country roads, — now following the windings of our beautiful Otter Creek, now looking up with wonder at majestic Killington, rosy purple and crowned with golden glory. Then she would come home to breakfast, as bright and happy as the summer day.

13. Then there was the buggy, with two seats, just large enough to hold four children. It was almost better than riding, because Fanny could not carry double, and each little rider must go alone; and sometimes they all wanted to ride at once.

14. One day mamma sat at the window in the back parlor. Suddenly she heard a queer little tread upon the piazza floor, and, lifting her

head, she found a brown nose close to her own; with Master Harry upon her back, Miss Fanny was taking a survey of matters and things in-doors.

"O mamma! may n't I ride right into the house? The pony is so little, — do let me, please!"

Mamma reflected, and said, "Yes, come in."

15. So in they came at the kitchen door, — the little hoofs making a strange "tramp, tramp," upon the floor, — through the dining-room and into the parlor. Do you think Miss Fanny was abashed by her position and surroundings? Not a bit of it. She was as much at ease as her young master himself. Very quietly she marched about, caring for carpets as little as for straw.

16. A piano was rather a new thing, to be sure; but what of that? It was no better, and not half as useful, as her stall. She snuffed at the books on the table, viewed the pretty things with an air of wise indifference, walked into the hall and examined the hat-stand for a minute or so, then came back through dining-

room and kitchen, marched down the steps and betook herself to nibbling grass — wise little Fanny.

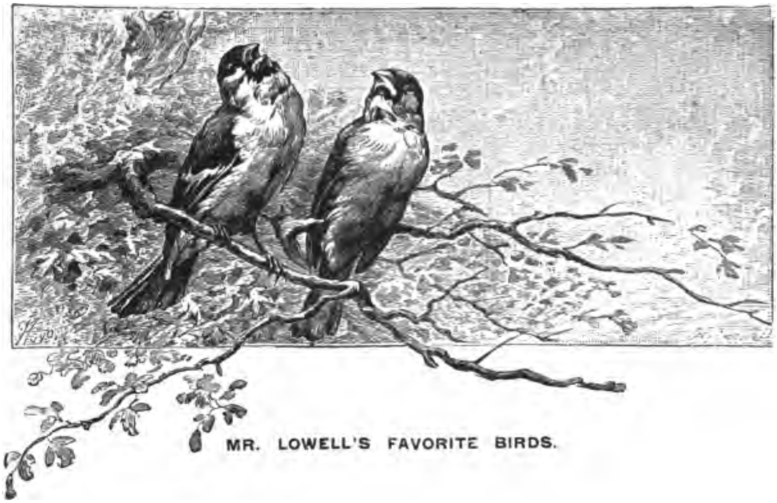
17. If our Fanny ever dies, the children at The Maples will sit in sackcloth and ashes. But love is never lost, even that which is lavished upon a poor dumb beast. And, when the parting hour arrives, they may feel, as others have felt before them, that it is

> "Better to have loved and lost
> Than never to have loved at all."

JULIA C. R. DORR.



THE CHILDREN'S SHETLAND PONY, FANNY.



MR. LOWELL'S FAVORITE BIRDS.

MR. LOWELL AND THE BIRDS.

ŏp'ẽr ȧ	blūe-jāys	al thōugh'
crĭp'pled	chĕr'rĭes	clīmbed
wōv'en	strŭg'gles	răv'el ĭngs
frēed	mȧ tē'rĭ al	ō'rĭ ōle

1. Mr. Lowell loved birds, and there were many which lived in the trees about his home. He enjoyed seeing them build their nests, and some of them learned to know him and were quite tame. He used to look at them through an opera glass, and one year he watched a pair of tiny humming birds rear their little ones.

2. Mr. Lowell was much interested in the robins. They used to eat his cherries, but he would rather have robins about his home than keep the cherries.

He once had a fine grape vine, which he was watching, as he wished to surprise his wife with the grapes when they were ripe. One morning he took his basket and went to gather them; but the robins had been there and had left only one bunch.

3. Mr. Lowell laughed, and the robins chattered gaily over the joke. They liked those grapes best, too. The robins drove away the blue-jays, which used to build in the pine trees, and Mr. Lowell was sorry to have them go. Their feathers were so bright, and they chattered to each other in such a funny way.

4. A family of blue-jays was once living in a pine tree near by, and Mr. Lowell noticed that there was a fluttering of what seemed to be full-grown wings in the nest.

He climbed the tree, although the old birds tried to drive him away. When he reached the

nest, he found that the birds had woven a piece of coarse thread into it. Three of the little birds were caught by the thread and could not fly. Two of them were crippled by their struggles to leave the nest.

5. Mr. Lowell cut the thread and freed them. He saw the bird that was unhurt fly to a tree near by, and about a week later he met one of the crippled birds hopping on the pine walk.

There were many orioles about the garden. They hung their swinging nests from the tips of the elm branches.

6. One year, when the canker-worms ate all the leaves from the elms, the orioles built new nests on the ash and button-wood trees. They were very bold about getting material for their nests, and would strip off the bark from a honeysuckle which grew over the front door. One nest was lined with the brightest colored ravelings of a woolen carpet.

Mr. Lowell said the birds seemed to feel that they owned Elmwood, and were kind enough to let him live there.

7. This kind-hearted author wrote a charming piece entitled "My Garden Acquaintance." It is a delightful essay which tells us about the everyday life of the more common birds about Elmwood.

I am sure you will wish to read all of this piece when you are older, but now you should ask some one to read to you what is said in it about the robins and the blue-jays.





THE LION FROM WHOSE FOOT THE THORN WAS TAKEN.

THE ROMAN SLAVE.

ĕn'tĕred	fŏre'hĕad	săv'āġe
çĭr'cŭs	shout'ĕd	sprăng

1. In old Rome there were many slaves. Some of them had been taken in war. Their state was a very sad one, for any time their master might kill them. Often they had a brand put on their foreheads.

2. One day a slave ran away. He had a long way to go to get to his home. After many

days he came to a wild place. Here he found a cave, in which he thought he might hide for a time.

3. Just as he entered the cave, he heard a lion roar. This put him in great fear. But when the lion saw him, it came to him, and put up its paw on the man's knee. The lion was in much pain.

4. The slave took hold of the paw, and on the under side he found that a large thorn had run into the lion's foot. He drew out the thorn. The lion stood still till it was done. Then its paw was easy, and the lion licked the man's hands.

5. The slave was very weak, and hid in the cave some days. But he was in need of food, and he went out to look for some. He was met in the wood by those who knew he was a slave by the brand on his forehead.

By them he was sent back to Rome. His master gave orders that he should be taken to the circus and given to the wild beasts.

6. He was put into the open space. In a

den on one side was a lion which had been caught a few days before. It had been kept without food to make it more savage.

When the door of the den was opened, the lion sprang out with a loud roar; but when it saw the man, it crept up to him and licked his hands.

7. It was the lion from whose foot he had taken out the thorn.

The people clapped their hands, and shouted to have the slave set free. This was done, and the lion was given to the man. It went about with him as a faithful dog would have done.

"One gentle word that we may speak,
Or one kind, loving deed,
May, though a trifle, poor and weak,
Prove like a tiny seed;
And who can tell what good may spring
From such a very little thing?"

(Selected.)



HOW JAPANESE CHILDREN CARRY THEIR LITTLE BROTHERS AND SISTERS

BOYS AND GIRLS IN JAPAN.

Part I.

nā′tĭves	ăt tĕn′tion (shŭn)	ăc (ăk) çĕpt′
quar′ (kwŏr) rĕl	Jăp ȧ nēse′	ȧ mūse′ments
ĕx ăm′ĭned	ăl′phȧ bĕt	ȯ bē′dĭ ent

1. Not long ago, I spent several months in Japan. I was making a visit to an English family, who had lived there a long time, and at their house I met many of the natives.

2. When I came to visit their homes, I liked the children so much, that I used to talk to

them and play with them whenever I could get the chance.

3. These children are very gentle, and while young are taught to be perfectly obedient. Teachers say that they have no trouble in keeping their scholars quiet; and, as they pay close attention to all that is said to them, teaching in Japan is easy work.

4. Children in Japan learn when very young to amuse themselves. They are taught the rules of each game which they play; and when there is a doubt on any point, instead of having a quarrel about it, the eldest child present decides the matter.

5. If I brought candy for them, they would first ask their father or mother if they might accept it. When consent was given, they smiled and bowed very politely, and then offered a piece of the candy to all present before eating any themselves.

6. They are never rude in their play. They never run, or jump, or roll, or shout; and for this reason, it always seemed to me that they did

not enjoy themselves so much as children do in our country.

7. How would you like to have lessons during holidays? These children have tasks at that time, and in the evening I have heard the hum of their voices along the street as they studied their lessons. Their classes are examined at the beginning of the school-term, instead of at the close.

8. I took much interest in their games, and I will tell you about some of them. Kite-flying is one of the chief amusements. The boys also make water-wheels, which they place in the streams of swift water, that run in the streets. These give motion to many different kinds of toys.

9. In one house where I stayed there were twelve children, and every evening they played a game with alphabet-cards. At the end of the game, the one who had the last card was the loser.

10. If the loser was a girl, she had a small bunch of straw put into her hair; if a boy, he had some ink put on his face. They played quickly, but were always perfectly polite and gentle.

11. The grown people sat watching the children at their game; for the Japanese are very fond of their little ones, and show their love more, perhaps, than any other people.

BOYS AND GIRLS IN JAPAN.

PART II.

fĕs′tĭ v*a*l	g*u*ĕst	cō′cȯ*a*
scär′lĕt	gĩr′dl*e*	trā*i*ts
cȯm′pȧ nȳ̆	swa̤l′lō̍w*e*d	tī′tl*e*

1. The Japanese often take their children to picnics or festivals; they often buy or make them new toys, and, indeed, are never happier than when in their company. I have seen more than a dozen fathers, each with his baby, which he was proudly showing off to the others.

2. With all their love, they do not spoil their children, though most of their punishments a̤re very light.

Once I went to a party given by a little girl named Haru. Haru means "spring." Some of the little girls who were present had names that meant "blossom," "snow," "silver," and so on.

3. The party began at three o'clock in the afternoon. The guests, on entering the house, were met at the door by Haru and taken to the parlor. When all were there, she and her mother offered them tea and sweetmeats.

4. The tea proved to be very weak and almost colorless. It is the custom in Japan to offer it to every visitor, and the kettle is always kept boiling. It is made like cocoa, the leaves being ground to powder, and swallowed with the tea.

The little girls were very careful to call one another by the title that means "Miss."

5. They played till dark; and before they went home, tea and sweetmeats were again served on little trays. It is not thought polite to refuse or leave any article of food, and some of the little ladies slipped into their wide sleeves what they could not eat.

6. I will tell you how Haru was dressed. Her black hair was drawn back from the forehead, raised in front, and gathered into a loop at the back with some scarlet crape.

7. Her face and throat were white with powder, and her lips had been touched with red paint. She wore a loose dress of blue flowered silk, made all in one piece, with sleeves that touched the floor, a blue girdle, white socks, and clogs.

8. With all the good traits of these children — which other boys and girls might well copy — they seemed to me to be old in their ways for young people. I much prefer our own children, even if they do sometimes make a great noise.

(Selected.)

THE GOLD DOLLAR.

Part I.

pär'çĕl	coin	sē'crĕt
grō'çẽr	thiēf	rōad'sīde
stēal	dŏl'lar (lẽr)	spĕnd

1. "When I was only eight years old," said an old gentleman, "my father and mother sent me to live with a farmer who was to keep me till I grew to be a man. The farmer made me work very hard, and gave me but very little money to spend.

2. "I sometimes had a few cents, but I wanted very much to have a gold coin of my own. Now I will tell you how I got a gold dollar once and what I did with it.

3. "One night my master sent me to the grocer's in the village to buy some things for him, and as I was returning home I saw a little parcel lying on the roadside.

4. "I picked it up and looked inside the but I could find nothing; and I was just on

the point of throwing it away, when something dropped out of it and fell with a ringing sound upon a stone.

5. "I looked at it, picked it up, and felt it. It was yellow and round, and I put it into my pocket and went home.

"As I walked along, I pulled it out every two or three minutes to look at it again; but when I met any one, I at once put it out of sight.

6. "When I reached home I did not tell the farmer's family that I had found a gold coin. I would not have had them know of it for the world. But what was I to do with it? It seemed to me that my face told of my secret. I kept awake half the night, and I felt unhappy the next morning.

7. "The farmer said at the breakfast table, 'Robert, I want you to go to Mr. Day's this morning, and ask him if he can come and work for me to-day and to-morrow.'

"On my way to Mr. Day's house I kept thinking about the money, and said to myself that if I were found out I should be called a thief.

8. "But then I said again to myself, 'If I do not know who the loser is, how can I give him his money?

"'It is only because I am afraid Farmer Gray will take it from me that I hide it, that's all. I would not steal; and if the loser should ask me for it, I would give it to him at once.'"

THE GOLD DOLLAR.

Part II.

scōld'ĕd	ĕr'r*a*nd	rŏb'bẽrs
nĭ*c*k'*e*l	rĭch'ĕs	nō'tĭç*e*d
clā*i*m*e*d	dĭs *h*ŏn'ĕs tȳ̆	dė sẽrv*e*'

1. "The gold was like a heavy stone, and I was not so happy with my riches as I had been with a nickel which Farmer Gray had given me some weeks before. Nobody had claimed the nickel, and I had been as happy as a king.

2. "Mr. Day was not at home, so I went back again. I saw Mr. Easton's horse standing at the gate, and I was frightened; for Mr. Easton was a

policeman, and I thought he had come to take me to jail. So I hid in the garden until he went away.

3. "When I went in, Farmer Gray looked very angry, and I thought he knew all about the money. But he only scolded me for having been so long upon my errand.

"Then I went to work in the fields, with the gold in my pocket, and several times I took it out to look at it. I was very unhappy.

4. "At night I was sent again to see Mr. Day. This time he was at home, and he said that he would come next day to work for Farmer Gray. It was dark as I went home, and I was afraid of robbers. I never felt so cowardly in my life, and all because I had something that did not belong to me.

5. "Mr. Day came early next morning. I will tell you something about him. He was an honest but poor man, and had to work very hard to get food enough for his large family.

"Farmer Gray was a kind man, and asked him to come in and have some breakfast with Mrs. Gray and himself.

6. "While they were eating their breakfast Mr. Day told Farmer Gray that he had lost a gold dollar.

"He said it was the only one he had in the world, and that he had lost it as he was going home from work. It was tied up in a piece of paper.

7. "Oh, how I jumped, to be sure, when Mr. Day told of his loss! The blood started to my cheeks; but as all eyes were turned on Mr. Day, I was not noticed. However, I took the money out of my pocket, and, holding it up, I said, 'Is this yours, Mr. Day?'

8. "No one can tell how pleased I felt then. Farmer Gray patted me on the head and called me a good boy; and although I felt I did not deserve all the kind things he said to me, I nearly cried for joy at having been saved from dishonesty."

THE HORSE.

prey (prā)	fā′vor (vẽr) ĭte	fierçe
băt′tle	hụr räh′	strōked
Lȯn′dȯn	sŭd′dĕn lȳ	mō′ments

1. The horse is a noble, useful animal. He is gentle, and willing to work. He is not made to hunt his prey like the wolf or the lion, but to be of use to man.

The horse loves his master, and soon learns to know him. A story is told of a soldier who had a favorite horse that never seemed so happy as when his master was on his back.

2. At last, in a fierce battle, the soldier was killed, and fell from his horse. When his body was found some days afterwards, the faithful animal was still standing beside it.

During that long time, the horse had not left the body of his master. Without food or water, he had stood over it, driving away the birds of prey. Was he not a noble animal?

3. Let me tell you another story about a horse. Once a poor soldier was passing along

a street in London. Suddenly he stopped, and looked for some time at a horse on the other side of the street.

"I know him! I know him!" cried he, as he ran across the street. "He is the horse I rode in the war. Dear old fellow!"

4. The horse seemed to know the voice. He laid back his ears, and rubbed his nose against the hand that stroked him so kindly.

After a few moments, the poor soldier put his hand in his pocket; and as he did so he said, "Yes, he shall have it, though it were my last penny! I have enough to buy him a meal of oats."

5. Away he went to bring it; and in a few minutes he came back with the oats, and stood kindly feeding the horse with his own hand.

He then went his way, saying to the driver as he left, "Be good to him, poor fellow! and use him well."

6. It was a beautiful sight; and it was no wonder that some little boys who stood near cried out, "Hurrah!" when they saw the poor soldier's kindness to his old friend.

STORIES OF DOGS.

Part I.

sẽrv'*a*nt	bur'(bĕr) ĭ*a*l	fā*i*th'fu̥l
foun't*a*ĭn	sĕv'*e*nth	săd'dl*e*d
slĭp'pẽrs	slŭnk	lē*a*p*e*d
bu̥*t*ch'ẽr	Scŏt'tĭsh	stā'tion (shŭn)

1. The dog is, more than any other animal, the servant, the companion, and the friend of man.

Even after his master's death his love continues. Dogs have been known to refuse to leave their masters' graves.

2. Some years ago, a poor man died in a large city. His dog followed the body to the burial-place. Next morning he was found lying on the new-made grave. Though driven away several times, he always returned.

Taking pity on the faithful animal, the keeper of the ground gave him food. Afterwards a storekeeper, who lived near, fed him every day.

3. This lasted for four years, during which,

every night, even in the coldest weather, the dog lay on his master's grave.

When the dog died he was buried near his master; and the figure of a dog has been placed over a drinking fountain in a street near the grave, to tell the story of his faithful love.

4. The dog is always ready to do his master's bidding. A word, a sign, sometimes even a look, will make him understand what is wanted. He understands the meaning of a good deal of what is said to him, and he may be taught a great many things.

5. A Scottish shepherd, while talking with a friend, said, in the same tone of voice, "I'm thinking the cow is among the potatoes." In a moment the dog sprang up, leaped through the open window, and run to the potato field.

A dog in the habit of taking letters to the post-office would not take any letter that did not bear a stamp.

6. A dog was taken by rail every morning. His master always left the train at the seventh station. The dog knew this, for he lay quietly

under the seat till the sixth station was passed, then he came out and took his master's bag in his mouth to be ready to leave the car.

7. The dog and the horse often become great friends, and are very fond of each other. A gentleman had a Newfoundland dog that always went to the stable to get his horse. While the groom saddled the horse, the dog lay with his nose between his paws.

8. When the horse was ready, the dog took the reins in his mouth, and led the horse to his master. He then followed him in his ride.

On returning, the rein was given to the dog, and he led his friend back to the stable. If the groom happened to be out of the stable, the dog barked loudly till he came.

9. There was once a dog who used to go to market with his master every morning. He was always given a cent to buy meat for himself.

If the butcher took the money before he gave him the meat, the dog would growl and show his teeth.

10. One day the master was called away on



NEWFOUNDLAND DOG READY TO LEAD THE HORSE TO HIS MASTER.

business, and was gone for several days. On his return he told Romp to bring him his slippers. Romp did not obey, but slunk into a corner, and the slippers could not be found.

11. Some hours later the gentleman went to the post-office, and Romp went with him.

As he passed the market, the butcher asked him to step into the store, and gave him his slippers. Romp had carried them down one at a time to pay for his meat.

STORIES OF DOGS.

Part II.

clĕv'ẽr	kĕn'nĕl	whīn'ĭng
strĕ*t*ch*e*d	*w*rĕck*e*d	flō*a*t'ĕd
dĭs't*a*nt	spär	bĭt'tẽr lȳ̆
mẽr'çy̆	rḗ stōr*e*'	lăn'tẽrn

1. A certain gentleman had a clever dog named Fido. One day Fido had been very naughty. He had made an attack on a favorite cat that belonged to the people who lived next door.

It seems that the dog had found puss feeding on some scraps that had been thrown to her; so he drove her out of the yard, and ate the food she had received.

2. He had just finished his stolen meal when he saw his master coming towards him, and he slunk off to his kennel.

About half an hour afterwards, the gentleman was sitting in his easy-chair reading the evening paper, when he heard a gentle knock at the room door.

3. Opening it, he found Fido standing with his master's slippers in his mouth, and looking very anxious, as if in doubt about the success of his plan.

The gentleman was much pleased: the peace-offering was taken, and Fido was allowed again to take his place on the rug at his master's feet.

4. One dark night, the watchmen at a small village on one of our coasts heard the whining of a dog. They went out, and found the dog; and, having tied a lantern to his neck, they followed him to the beach. There they found a woman and child, a little girl two years old, stretched on the sand, and, as it seemed to them, nearly dead.

5. They carried them to a house about half a mile off, and used means to restore them. The child was lively the next morning, but it was a long time before the mother was well again.

6. After a few days, however, she was able to speak. The first thing she said was, "Where is Henry — where is my husband?" And she wept very bitterly at the thought that she should never see him again.

7. She had sailed with him some weeks before, in his ship the "Sea Gull." They had met with one storm after another; and at last the ship, with all her masts gone, had been driven on the rocks and wrecked.

8. The mother had been dragged ashore by some one, while she held her child firmly clasped in her arms. It was their faithful dog that had saved them from drowning, and that had brought to their help the good watchmen who had treated them so kindly.

9. What was her joy when she heard, a few days later, that her husband also was safe! He had floated on a spar all night, and had been picked up early in the morning by a passing ship and taken to another port.

10. Great was the joy of the meeting of father, mother, and child; and deeply thankful they were to God for his mercy. Nor did they ever forget how much their noble dog had done for them.



HOLMES'S BIRTHPLACE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

HOLMES'S BIRTHPLACE.

mŭs′kĕt	dī′ȧ mȯnd	Brĭt′ĭsh
wȯn′dẽr	găr′rĕt	cȧ rĕss′ĭng
chûrch	dān′gẽr	lī′lacs
hŏl′lȳ hŏck	măr′ĭ gōld	prĕs′ençe

1. A blue-eyed boy, full of fun and play, was born in this house.

His father was a minister in a church near by.

If you could look from the west windows of this house, you might see the church with the old church-yard at one side.

2. The boy's name was Oliver Wendell Holmes, and he was born on the 29th of August, 1809.

This house was old even then, and full of nooks and hiding-places. The garret was very large, and strange noises were sometimes heard there. They were made by the wind, which whistled around the corners; but they frightened the little boy.

3. Some of the rooms were locked, and little Oliver would peep through the keyholes, and wonder at the heaps of old chairs and tables which were piled there.

He thought they looked as if they had been frightened, and had run in there and climbed upon each other's backs to get out of danger. The windows had tiny panes, where one might read names, written upon the glass with a diamond.

4. The house had been used by soldiers during the war, and Oliver heard so many stories about them that it made him imagine a great

many things. On the floor of his father's study, he could see the dents left by the muskets of the soldiers, who had talked of their plans in this room. In one room there was a painting of a lady, who was Oliver's great-grandmother, and here and there were places in it where the British soldiers had cut it with their swords.

5. There were many trees about the house. On one side was a row of poplars, and on another grew some beautiful great elms.

Cambridge was then a country town, and Oliver had a little garden plat; but the soil was very sandy, and many of his flowers would not blossom. He used to feel sad when the buds died instead of opening into flowers.

6. There were some flowers which grew in spite of the sandy soil. Roses, lilacs, holly-hocks, marigolds and others made the garden bright with their blossoms and filled the air with their fragrance.

EVA'S VISIT TO FAIRYLAND.

Part I.





THE BROOK THAT RAN THROUGH FAIRYLAND.

ĕlv*e*s
ĭn′nŏ çent
chīm′ĭng
blȧst
drĕ*a*d′fu̥l
ăn′chor*e*d (kẽrd)
păs sion (păsh′ŭn)
lŭl*l*′ȧ bī*e*s
tôr′mĕnt
pĭn′ȧ fōr*e*

vĭs′ĭ bl*e* whĭsk*e*d môr′t*a*l măġ′ĭc mu̥sh′ro͞om

1. A little girl lay on the grass down by the brook, wondering what the noisy water said as it went babbling over the stones. As she listened she heard another kind of music that seemed to come nearer and nearer, till round the corner floated a beautiful boat filled with elves, who danced on the broad green leaves of the lily of the valley, while the white bells of the tall stem that was the mast rung loud and sweet.

2. A flat rock, covered with moss, stood in the middle of the brook, and here the boat was anchored for the elves to rest a little. Eva watched them at their pretty play, as they flew about or lay fanning themselves and drinking from the red-brimmed cups on the rocks. Wild strawberries grew in the grass close by, and Eva threw some of the ripest to the fairy folk; for honey and dew seemed a poor sort of lunch to the child.

3. Then the elves saw her, and nodded and smiled and called, but their soft voices could not reach her. So, after whispering among themselves, two of them flew to the brookside, and,

perching on a buttercup, said close to Eva's ear, —

"We have come to thank you for your berries, and to ask if we can do anything for you, because this is our holiday, and we can become visible to you."

"Oh, let me go to Fairyland! I have longed so to see and know all about you dear little people; and never would believe it is true that there are no fairies left," cried Eva, so glad to find that she was right.

4. "We should not dare to take some children, they would do so much harm; but you believe in us, you love all the sweet things in the world, and never hurt innocent creatures, or tread on flowers, or let ugly feelings come into your happy little heart. You shall go with us and see how we live."

5. But as the elves spoke, Eva looked very sad, and said, —

"How can I go? I am so big I should sink that pretty ship with one finger, and I have no wings."

The elves laughed and touched her with their soft hands, saying,—

"You cannot hurt us now. Look in the water and see what we have done."

6. Eva looked and saw a tiny child standing under a tall blue violet. It was herself, but so small she seemed an elf in a white pinafore and a little pink sun-bonnet. She clapped her hands and skipped for joy, and laughed at the sweet picture; but suddenly she grew sober again, as she looked from the shore to the rock.

"But now I am so wee I cannot step over, and you cannot lift me, I am sure."

"Give us each a hand and do not be afraid," said the elves, and whisked her across like dandelion down.

7. The elves were very glad to see her, and touched and peeped and asked questions as if they had never had a mortal child to play with before. Eva was so small she could dance with them now, and eat what they ate, and sing their pretty songs. She found that flower-honey and dewdrops were very nice, and that it was fine fun

to tilt on a blade of grass, to slide down a smooth bulrush-stem, or rock in the cup of a flower.

She learned new and merry games, found out what the brook said, saw a cowslip blossom, and had a lovely time till the captain of the ship blew a long sweet blast on a honeysuckle horn, and all the elves went aboard and set sail for home.

8. "Now I shall find the way to Fairyland, and can go again whenever I like," thought Eva, as she floated away.

But the sly little people did not mean that she should know, for only now and then can a child go to that lovely place. So they set the bells to chiming softly, and all sang lullabies till Eva fell fast asleep, and knew nothing of the journey till she woke in Fairyland.

9. It seemed to be sunset; for the sky was red, the flowers all dreaming behind their green curtains, the birds tucked up in their nests, and there was no sound but the whisper of the wind that softly sang, "Good-night, good-night."

10. "We all go early to bed unless the moon

shines. We are tired, so come and let us make you cozy till to-morrow," said the elves, showing her a dainty bed with white rose-leaves for sheets, a red rose-leaf for coverlet, and two plump little mushrooms for pillows. Cobweb curtains hung over it, a glow-worm was the candle, and a lily of the valley cup made a nice nightcap, while a tiny gown of woven thistle-down lay ready to be put on.

11. Eva quickly undressed and slipped into the pretty bed, where she lay looking at the red light till sleep kissed her eyelids, and a lovely dream floated through her mind till morning came.

12. As soon as the sun peeped over the hills, the elves were up and away to the lake, where they all dipped and splashed and floated and frolicked till the air was full of sparkling drops, and the water white with foam. Then they wiped on soft cobweb towels, which they spread on the grass to dry, while they combed their pretty hair and put on fresh gowns made of the leaves of flowers. After that came breakfast, all sitting about in parties to eat fruit, and cakes of pollen, while their drink was fresh dew.

EVA'S VISIT TO FAIRYLAND.

Part II.

cŏb′wĕb	glĭm′mĕr	hăm′mŏ*c*k
chĩrp*e*d	twĭn′klĭng	mĭ*g*n on ĕt*te*′
dā*i*n′ty̆	wound′(wo͞ond) ĕd	(mĭn yŭn ĕt′)
ĭn′vȧ lĭd	chăr′ĭ ty̆	dĕl′ĭ cȧt*e*

1. "Now, Eva, you see that we are not idle, foolish creatures, but have many things to do and many lessons to learn," said the elves when they had all sung together; while the wind, who was the housemaid there, cleared the tables by blowing everything away at one breath. "First of all come to our hospital, for here we bring all the sick and hurt things that cruel or careless people have harmed.

2. "In your world children often torment and kill poor birds and worms and flies, and pick flowers to throw away, and chase butterflies till their poor wings are broken. All these we care for, and our magic makes them live again. Come and see."

3. Eva followed the elves to a cool, quiet place, where on soft beds lay many wounded things. Rose, the fairy nurse, was binding up the leg of a fly as he lay in a cobweb hammock and feebly buzzed his thanks. Eva thought the elves were good to do such work, and went on to a humming-bird which lay in a bed of honeysuckles, with the colors very dim on its little breast, and its bright wings very still.

4. "I was shot with an air-gun, and my poor head still aches with the dreadful blow," sighed the poor bird, trying to sip a little honey with its long beak.

"I 'm nearly well," chirped a cricket, whose stiff tail had been pulled off by a naughty child and nicely put on again by a very skillful elf.

5. He looked so cheerful and lively as he hopped about on his bed of dried grass, with his black eyes twinkling, that Eva laughed aloud; and at the pleasant sound, all the sick things smiled and seemed better.

6. Rows of pale flowers stood in one place, and elves watered them, or tied up broken leaves,

or let in the sunshine to cure their pains,— for these delicate invalids needed much care; and Mignonette was the name of the nurse who watched over them, like a little Sister of Charity, with her gray gown and sweet face.

"You have seen enough. Come to school now, and see where we are taught all that fairies must know," said Trip, the elf who was guiding her about.

7. In a pleasant place they found the child elves sitting on pink daisies with their books of leaves in their hands, while the teacher was Jack-in-the-pulpit, who asked questions, and was very wise. Eva nodded to the little ones, and they smiled at the stranger as they rustled their books and pretended to study busily.

8. A class was reciting and Eva listened to questions that none but elves would care to know.

"Twinkle, if there were fifteen seeds on a dandelion, and the wind blew ten away, how many would be left?"

"Five."

"Bud, if a rose opens three leaves one day, one the next, and seven the next, how many in all?"

"Eleven."

9. "Daisy, if a silk-worm spins one yard of fairy-cloth in an hour, how many can he spin in a day?"

"Twelve, if he isn't lazy," answered the little elf, fluttering her wings, as if anxious to be done.

"Now we will read 'The Flower's Lesson,'" said Jack, and a new class flew to the long leaf, where they stood in a row, with open books, ready to begin.

10. "Once there was a rose who had two little buds. One was happy and contented, but the other always wanted something.

"'I wish the elves would bring me a star instead of dew every night. The drop is soon gone, but a star would shine splendidly, and I should be finer than all the other flowers,' said the naughty bud one night.

11. "'But you need the dew to live, and the moon needs the stars up there to light the world,' answered the good bud.

"'I won't have the dew, and if I cannot get a star I will take a firefly to shine on my breast,' said the other, shaking off a fresh drop that had just fallen on her, and folding her leaves round the bright fly.

12. "'Foolish child!' cried the rose-mother; 'let the fly go before he harms you.'

"But the silly bud only held the firefly closer, till in its struggles it tore her leaves and flew away. When the hot sun came up, the poor bud hung all faded on her stem, longing for a cool drop to drink.

13. "'Now I must die. Oh, why was I vain and silly?' sobbed the poor bud, fainting in the heat.

"Then the mother leaned over her, and from her bosom, where she had hidden it, the dewdrop fell on the thirsty bud, and while she drank it eagerly the rose drew her closer, whispering, 'Little darling, learn to be contented with what heaven sends, and make yourself lovely by being good.'"

14. "I shall remember that story," said Eva,

when the elves shut their books and flew back to the daisy seats.

"Would you like to hear them sing?" asked Trip.

"Very much," said Eva, and in the little song they gave her she got another lesson to carry home.

THE SONG OF THE ELVES.

"I shine," says the sun,
  "To give the world light."
"I glimmer," adds the moon,
  "To beautify the night."
"I ripple," says the brook,
  "I whisper," sighs the breeze,
"I patter," laughs the rain,
  "We rustle," call the trees,
"We dance," nod the daisies,
  "I twinkle," shines the star.
"We sing," chant the birds;
  "How happy we all are!"
"I smile," cries the child,
  Gentle, good, and gay, —
The sweetest thing of all,
  The sunshine of each day.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

A TRAPPER'S STORY.

pûr sūit′	joûr′neў	sŭr round′ĕd
trăp′pẽr	thrĕad	ăn′tĭcs
ăd drĕss′ĭng	fāil′ūre	tŏm′ȧ hawk
çĩr′cle	flĭnched	ĭn trụdes′

1. One day a trapper, whom we will call Beaver Jim, was sitting upon the bank of one of the frozen rivers of the west. He had had a long journey on skates, which he had now taken off, and while he rested they lay on the ground near him.

Suddenly, without any warning, he was surrounded by a crowd of yelling Indians. His quick eye at once saw that they were on the war path, and that they belonged to a tribe that was strange to him.

2. He knew that his life hung upon a thread; many an arrow was fitted to the string and several tomahawks were raised near him. He never flinched or showed the least sign of fear, but, addressing them in a mixture of Indian tongues, he asked why they were upon his hunting-grounds.

3. One of the tribe understood him, and through him the chief said, "The Great Spirit gave these hunting-grounds to us, his children; and it is the pale-face who intrudes upon them."

To this Beaver Jim replied, "The Great Spirit takes care of all his children. The red-men and the pale-faces are brothers."

4. Just then one of the Indians noticed the skates, and asked what they were for. A ray of hope darted through Jim's mind as he answered, "The Great Spirit has shown the pale-face how to make wings, so that he may skim the ground as the bird flies through the air."

5. The Indian gave a grunt and expressed a wish to try them. So Beaver Jim fastened them on the Indian's feet, and started him. Instantly he fell his length on the ice. Nothing dismayed, he rose to his feet after several failures, only to fall as before. Again he rose, but no sooner was he on his feet than he fell.

6. All this amused the Indians, who were roused out of their usual state of calmness into laughter. Then they made Jim try them, to

show how they should be used. He played queer antics at first, pretending that he could not stand.

7. Then he begged his gun, which had been taken from him, to support him on the ice. Having obtained it he began making circles, which he ever widened, until with a shout and a yell he started off with the speed of an arrow.

8. The Indians were so much astonished, that, before a bow could be bent and a shaft sent in pursuit, Beaver Jim was out of reach of their arrows.

Many a night after, round the camp-fire, when the men had eaten their supper, did Beaver Jim tell the tale of how he outwitted the Indians and describe their blank looks as he darted away.

HOLMES'S SCHOOL DAYS.

wĭl'lōw	crōak	făn'çĭes
chīld'ĭsh	quĕs'tion (chŭn)	tēase (tēz)
mĭs'chĭef	frīght'ened	rē mĕm'bẽr

1. Oliver Wendell Holmes was sent to school when he was a very little boy. The school was in Cambridgeport; and the little fellow had a long walk across the green fields and through the lanes, for there were very few houses standing there then.

2. His first teacher was a stout old lady whom the children called "Dame Prentiss." She used to have a long willow rod which reached across the room. If the children were idle or in mischief, she would touch them with this rod to remind them that it was time to study.

3. The boys in Cambridgeport used to make fun of Oliver and tease him. One day he went to school wearing a new hat with a wide brim. "Hullo you, Sir!" said a roguish boy, "Did you know there was going to be a race to-mor-

row?" "No, who's going to run? Where's it going to be?"

"Squire Mills and Dr. Williams 'round the brim of your hat." Then the boy made a face, and Oliver knew he was making fun of him.

4. The future poet was full of childish fancies. He would throw a stone at a tree to get the answer to a question. If he hit the tree, he would think the answer was "Yes." When he was walking he would try to step from one stone to another, or else walk upon the patches of grass.

5. There was a glove-maker whose store he used to pass on his way to school. This man had hung out a large wooden hand for a sign, and the wind made it swing and creak, which frightened the little boy.

"Oh, that dreadful hand!" he said, "always hanging there, ready to catch a little boy, who would never come home to supper, or see his mother again."

6. A wooden pail of drinking-water stood in the schoolroom, and the children had a brown mug from which they drank.

The pail was made of white pine, and it gave the water an odd taste. Oliver always remembered the taste of that water, and the mug with the piece broken from the rim.

7. The children thought that a red-cheeked, curly-haired boy named Edmund had bitten the piece out one day when he was in a hurry for a drink.

When Oliver grew a little older, he went to another school in Cambridgeport.

TOM COD AND MRS. LOBSTER.

cā'pẽr	lŏb'stẽr	ī*s*'l*a*nd
dė fĕnd'	ăd văn'tāġ*e*	floun'dẽr ĭng
whĩrl'ĭng	sē*ize*d	ĭn'st*a*nt lў̆
dăsh*e*d	smĕll'ẽrs	ĕb*be*d

1. Around a rocky island, the deep tides ebbed and flowed, and the waves rolled and dashed. The waters were so deep that large fish could come up to the very rocks.

Far down at the foot of one of these rocks was young Tom Cod, swimming and playing. He was a very fine, beautiful fish. He was young, and felt that he could do almost anything.

2. He would dart off like a flash of lightning, and then back again; sometimes whirling round, sometimes rolling over, and cutting all manner of capers. Once upon a time he found an old lobster, slowly creeping along among the rocks that lay on the bottom of the sea.

"Pray, Mrs. Lobster, what are you doing? How slowly you move! What! Can't you rush and dash and fly through the water as I do?"

3. "Why, Master Tom, that is not my nature. My food and home are down among the rocks. I feel safer here."

"Well, what a homely creature you are! Those two great claws — what do you do with them?"

4. "With the big, coarse one I crack the shell-fish, thus:" and she seized and instantly crushed a large oyster; "and with the sharp teeth of the other — why, if you will just put your tail in that claw, I will show you how nicely it will seize and hold a fish."

5. "What do you do with those long smellers? They are longer than your whole body."

"These are not smellers, Master Tom."

"What are they, then?"

"They are feelers. When I want to go to sleep, or when I want to eat, I just lay them over my back, and let them stick out behind me; and then, if any fish comes near to bite me, I feel him at once."

6. "And what do you do then?"

"I whirl round instantly and present my claws to him, and he swims off."

"Well, Mrs. Lobster, I would like to know how you grow. Does your shell stretch or grow larger? You don't seem larger than you did a year ago, when I was very small and very young."

7. "Nor am I any larger. But I do all my growing for the year in a few days. Once a year I throw off my shell, and then swell and grow, and then put on a new shell. It takes some days, but it is nice to come out once a year in a new house."

8. "And do you really go naked till the new shell grows and hardens?"

"I certainly do."

"Why don't the fish eat you up, when you are so soft and have no claws with which to defend yourself?"

9. "Ah, there's the advantage of having my home down among the rocks. When I am about to throw off my shell, I dig a hole just large enough to creep into, under some rock, and there I go and no fish can get at me. I lie there safely until I get a new shell. It is a nice home, and I am perfectly happy in it."

10. "Nonsense!" said Tom Cod; "I want room to play, and to pick up my food wherever I find it. There now, don't you see that naked clam? See how quickly I have him!"

11. Poor Tom! He grabbed the clam, and the hook in it caught him! He tried so hard to get away, but the hook was fast and the line was strong. The last Mrs. Lobster saw of him he was being drawn straight up to the top of the water; then she heard the poor fellow floundering in the boat.

12. "Oh!" said she, "those colors on poor Tom are beautiful, and doubtless it is a fine thing to be able to swim anywhere, and to dash up and down through the deep waters; but, after all, is not my humble home down among the rocks the safest? Has not the Great Master of the seas given me my full share of blessings, though I must live in the very depths of the seas, and creep over the sands and the rocks? I will be thankful, humble, and contented."



PILGRIMS GOING TO CHURCH.

LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS AT PLYMOUTH.

pĭl'grĭm	prō vĭs'(vĭzh) *i*ons	trēa'tў
här'bor (bẽr)	fûr'nĭ tūr*e*	trŭmp'ĕt
Gȯv'ẽrn or (ẽr)	Pĕr'ē grĭn*e*	Plў'm*o*ŭth

1. On a bitterly cold day in the December of the year 1620, the ship "Mayflower" came sailing into Plymouth Harbor. The people on board had been one hundred days upon the sea, and had now reached their new home.

Let us suppose ourselves on board, and look with their eyes upon the scene before them.

2. No friends to welcome them. No place

where their ship may land. No house in which to spend even one night; and nineteen families, one hundred and one people, on board.

The men came to shore in small boats, began at once to cut down trees, and after hard work, made one large rude house where all might stay for a time.

3. Then each family made for itself a log hut, placing them in two rows, for safety, as the Indians might attack them and they wished to be together.

As soon as they could they carried their goods, which they had brought from their homes in England, on shore and began housekeeping.

4. If you visit Plymouth now, you may see pieces of furniture, dishes, and many other things which have been saved all these years. A wee, tiny baby was born on board the ship. He was named Peregrine White. Peregrine means a wanderer or pilgrim. His cradle is still kept at Plymouth.

5. There were no stores where these people could buy provisions. No, the men must go and

catch fish, dig clams, or hunt, in order to get food for their families.

A hard life, wasn't it? especially for the women and the little children. By the time April came to cheer them, with her promise of sunny, warm days, there were forty-two graves on the hillside.

6. The Indians watched their numbers so closely that the Pilgrims planted corn over these graves, so that they might not know how few their numbers were.

Before the year was over, the Governor whom they had chosen made a treaty of peace with the Indians.

Twenty Indians and their chiefs, in war paint and feathers, marched into one of the huts. Then the Governor and his men met them, marching to the music of drums and trumpets, and promises of peace were given.

7. Have you been wondering why these people left their homes in England and came to live in these forests? They wished to be free to worship God in the way they thought was right.

They would rather live in this wild country

than stay in their pleasant homes, and worship as the king of England told them.

They had no beautiful churches, but must travel through the forest to a rough log building.

The men carried their guns to protect themselves from wild animals or from sudden attacks of the Indians.

8. When the spring came, the "Mayflower" sailed back to England. How many of the Pilgrims went back with her? Not one. Were they not brave and true? They had come here to be free, and they would stay in spite of hardship.

They watched the ship as it left the harbor, now and then turning their faces to brush away the tears which they could not keep back.

9. The brave little arbutus sprang up under their feet upon those hillsides, and seemed to cheer them with its sweet fragrance. They called it the "mayflower"; and as they knelt to gather it from beneath its rough leaves, a whisper came to their hearts that these hard times would soon pass away and the sweet blossom of hope would spring into life.



PILGRIMS WATCHING THE RETURN OF THE "MAYFLOWER."

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

fāme	trŭmp'ĕt	cŏn'quẽr or (ẽr)
stẽrn	ĕx'īle	mo͞ored
hȳmns	hōar'ȳ	sė rēne'lȳ
sought (sa̤t)	wĕalth	shrīne

The breaking waves dashed high
  On a stern and rockbound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
  Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
  The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
  On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
  They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums
  And the trumpet that speaks of fame;

Not as the flying come,
  In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
  With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amid the storm they sang,
  And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods
    rang
  To the anthems of the free!

The ocean eagle soared
  From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pine of the forest roared, —
  This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
  Amidst that pilgrim band, —
Why had they come to wither there,
  Far from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
  Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
  And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
  Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas; the spoils of war? —
  They sought a faith's pure shrine.

Ay, call it holy ground,
  The soil where first they trod;
They left unstained what there they found —
  Freedom to worship God.

FELICIA HEMANS.

GARDEN MEMORIES.

dĭsk	flŭt′tẽr	twĭt′tẽr
bŭnch	măr′ĭ gōld	ĭm ăġ′ĭne
găth′ẽr	pō′sy̆	căt′ẽr pĭl lar (lẽr)

1. When Oliver was quite small he used to ride with his father and mother, sitting between them, and sometimes driving the horse. One of their drives was over the bridge to the next town. There was an old brown house on the roadside, and in the yard was a garden of many bright flowers.

2. The man who lived there had a sister whose name was Sally. Oliver's father would stop in front of the house, and Sally would come out to talk to them, and gather some flowers for the little boy. She was very fond of the yellow marigolds, and would pick a bunch of them and say, "Here is a posy for the little boy."

3. After Oliver grew to be an old man, he always remembered that kind, soft voice; and whenever he smelled a marigold he could close his eyes and imagine the picture of the low brown

cottage with its garden, and the nodding golden marigolds.

4. I think he liked yellow flowers. In his own garden there was a row of tall sunflowers growing near an old pear tree. The yellow-birds seemed very fond of them, and Oliver loved to watch them flutter about, "golden, in the golden light, over the golden flowers."

5. When Oliver became a man he tried to make the garden look as it did when he was a boy. He said the squash bugs and caterpillars came back and were as friendly as ever. The same buff-colored bugs fed upon his roses; the butterflies came back, and also the bees and the birds.

6. He wondered if the yellow-birds would return; and he planted a row of sunflowers like the row which stood near the pear tree when he was a boy. As soon as the blossoms spread their yellow disks, and the seeds began to ripen, the yellow-birds appeared, twittering and fluttering about them as in his boyhood.

OCEAN PEARL.

sûr′fāçe	swạl′lōwed	moun′tains
spär′klĭng	swĭft′lȳ	sȯme′tīmes
sprĕad′ĭng	thĩrs′tȳ	wīd′ened
strŏn′gẽr	flōat′ĭng	brīght′lȳ

1. On the calm surface of the sea there lay, one morning, a tiny drop of water. She was looking up into the clear blue sky, and thinking how nice it would be to take a journey up into the air. She wanted to see the earth, the trees, and the flowers; and, small as she was, she wished to be of some use.

"Floating gaily, sparkling brightly
On a calm, still, summer sea,
Spoke a tiny drop of ocean,
'Oh, that I of use might be!'"

2. "Can I be of any use at all?" she said to herself; "I am tired of lying here so quiet and still and useless. I wish there were fairies in these days, for then one might hear my wish and carry me away from here and show me what to do."

"No sooner had she spoken
Than a sunbeam, bright and golden
As a fairy of times olden,
Came to grant her wish."

3. "I have heard your wish," the fairy said to the drop of water, whose name was Ocean Pearl, "and if you will come with me I will help you to do everything you want. My name is Sunbeam, and I am one of the great number of kind fairies who love to do all the good we can."

4. "Give me your hand," said Sunbeam, "for I am to carry you high up into the air that you may see the world. Then you will go down to the earth, and I do not doubt but that you will soon find out for yourself what you ought to do."

5. Ocean Pearl at once put out her hand. Sunbeam caught it in his, and, spreading his wings, which were as bright and beautiful as a butterfly's, they quickly mounted high up into the air.

"Below, lay the earth pure and green,
Dotted over with village and town;
The faint gleam of the rivers was seen,
As they rolled from the steep mountains down."

6. "And now," said Sunbeam, "I can do no more for you; but by and by there will come a mighty giant, ever so much stronger than I am, and he will carry you away with him to the far-off mountain tops."

"And who is this giant?" said Ocean Pearl. "I wish you would not leave me, dear Sunbeam; I feel so happy and safe with you, and I do not like giants."

7. "But this is one of the good giants," said Sunbeam, "and he loves to work for the people on earth. His name is West Wind. Sometimes, indeed, he is very angry, and then even the largest ships are afraid of him. He makes such big, wild waves on the sea that often both ships and men are swallowed up in them."

"Oh, dear me! I am sure I shall not care for him," said timid Ocean Pearl.

"Ah! here he comes," said Sunbeam; "and now I must leave you."

8. Swiftly, but gently, Ocean Pearl found herself carried along as she rested on the great giant's breast; and so tenderly did he

bear her in his arms that she soon lost all fear of him.

> "Swiftly, with smooth and silent wings,
> The west wind steals along,
> Bearing sweet rain to cheer all things
> In his arms so soft and strong."

9. And now a high and bare mountain rises before them, and Ocean Pearl is afraid that she may be dashed to pieces. But West Wind lays her gently down among the sharp and rough rocks. Far away below, Ocean Pearl can see the green fields and the waving corn of a quiet valley.

"Ah! I see now what I ought to do," said Ocean Pearl to herself; "I must make my way down to that green valley, and with my little strength try to make it fresher and greener."

10. "I am so small, though, that I had better find some friends to join me." So, looking round, she saw some small, round drops like herself. They, too, seemed to want friends to help them along, so they soon got together. More and more drops joined them, and then they formed a very small stream running down between the rocks.

11. Soon more and more streams joined them, and at last they became a very strong band and went along very merrily. In the upper part of the valley the stream now large widened out into a small lake.

"Through moss and through brake
The stream runs and creeps
For a while, till it sleeps
In its own little lake."

12. And now Ocean Pearl thought herself lost quite as much as when she was in the sea. But soon she found herself carried out of the lake again, and moving gently down a smooth and wide river. She passed softly on,

"Through meadow and glade,
In sunshine and shade."

13. "Now," thought Ocean Pearl to herself, "now is my time to be of use. There is a pretty bluebell hanging its head as if thirsty. Can I not reach it?" The bluebell's head fell lower and lower. It touched the water; and, with a glad

cry, Ocean Pearl threw herself into the cup of the bell and was at rest.

14. She gave new life to the dying bluebell, and after she had done her duty there, she again joined the river. You may be sure she was always ready to do all the good she could.

At last so many, many more drops of water joined her that they formed a large river. On the river, ships were able to sail, and to carry goods for the use of the people in the large town which had grown up at the river's mouth.

HOLMES AT PHILLIPS ACADEMY.

Phĭl'lĭps	Ȧcăd'ẹ̇ mȳ̆	bụl'lĕt
Ăn'dŏ̇ vẽr	g*h*ōst	pow'dẽr
ā'ġent	stā'tion (shŭn)	prŏ̇ fĕs'*s*or (ẽr)

1. Oliver's father sent him to school at Phillips Academy, at Andover, when he was fifteen years of age. His father and mother drove to the school with him. They wenṭ up the long road, past the old powder-house, through country lanes, until they reached Andover.

They stopped at a white house, where one of the professors lived. When they drove away, Oliver watched the carriage until it was lost to sight.

2. How lonely it was for the poor boy! He was very homesick, and longed to be back in the old house with his father and mother.

There was an old lady living at the house of the professor. She was very deaf, but kind-hearted, and she felt sorry for Oliver. She gave him some medicine, thinking it would make him better, but it did not cure his homesickness.

3. Before many days he made friends with the other boys, and became interested in his lessons, and soon the homesickness passed away.

The old clock on the Academy seemed to strike very slowly. His room-mate said that Oliver ran away one day when the clock began to strike eleven, but they caught him before the last stroke.

4. The boys used to walk to Indian Ridge, and they often went swimming in the river near by. They had many good times together, and Oliver made some pleasant friends. He once went to visit one of the boys who lived at Haverhill, and while there he saw an old house with a bullet hole in it. The bullet which made the hole had been fired by the Indians, in 1703, at a minister by the name of Benjamin Rolfe.

5. There was an old elm tree in Andover which, it was said, had had hoops of iron put around it to prevent the Indians from cutting into it with their tomahawks.

There were no hoops to be seen, and it was said that the bark of the tree had grown over them and buried them.

6. A great many years afterwards, Doctor Holmes went back to Andover one day, and visited the places in which he and his schoolmates had had so many good times in the years of long ago. He said it seemed as if the little boy of that far-distant time went about with him all day.

When he went to the station to take the train, he asked the agent for two tickets. But the little figure, which seemed to be at his side, whispered, "When you leave this place, you leave me behind you," so he bought but one ticket, and said, "Good-bye, little ghost."

THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS SHAY."

tĕxt	çẽr′taĭn	cạuse
är′tĭ cles	chaise (shāz)	dēa′con
rēa′son	pär′son	ẽarth′quāke

1. Oliver Wendell Holmes was a boy who thought. He often wondered why certain things came to pass, and tried to find some reason for what he saw. He noticed how articles wore out, one part giving way at a time. Sometimes things would break down instead of wearing out. He could understand why it was so with some things; but oftentimes with other things there seemed to him to be no cause for it.

2. One day he said to his brother John, "If you should make something, and have every part of it just as good as every other part, it would all go to pieces at once, would n't it?" After many years had gone by and he had grown to be a man, he put this idea into a poem.

3. This poem was about a Deacon who was going to have a chaise. A chaise is a two-wheeled

carriage with a covered top. Some people used to call it a "shay." The Deacon decided to make every part of his chaise so strong that it could never break down. He found the strongest ash wood to make the floor and spokes and sills. He sent for lancewood to make the thills, and got the best wood for every part. The finest of steel made the springs, and the strongest buffalo skin was used to cover the top, boot, and dasher.

4. When it was finished it was as strong as could be made in every part, and the Deacon looked with pride upon his work.

The chaise was a wonder. The Deacon and his wife used it all their lives; so did their children and their grand-children.

5. At last it had been used for a hundred years. It then belonged to a parson, and it began to show that it was old; but one part was still as good as another, and it showed no sign of breaking down.

One morning the parson was driving in the chaise and thinking about the text for his next Sunday's sermon, when all of a sudden there was

— "First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill, —
And the parson was sitting upon a rock."

6. Where was the poor, old chaise? It had gone entirely to pieces. Every part was worn out at the same time, for each part was as strong as the other. When the parson got up and looked around, he found the pieces of the old chaise all in a heap, —

"As if it had been to the mill and ground!"



THE DEACON RIDING IN HIS WONDERFUL "ONE-HORSE SHAY."

THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE; OR, THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS SHAY."

[ABRIDGED.]

lŏġ'ĭc *a*l	pẽr plĕx*e*d'	t*o*ŭgh (tŭf)
ẽ*a*rth'quāk*e*	wē*a*k'ĕst	ĭn quīr*e*'

Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it — ah, but stay,

I 'll tell you what happened without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits, —
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot, —
Above or below, or within or without, —
And that 's the reason, beyond a doubt,
A chaise *breaks down*, but does n't *wear out*.

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That could n't be split nor bent nor broke, —
That was for spokes and floor and sills;
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died.
That was the way he "put her through."
"There!" said the Deacon, "Naow she 'll
dew."

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren — where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay,
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake day.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
First of November, — the Earthquake day. —
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay:

First of November, 'Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay.
The parson was working his Sunday's text, —
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
— First a shiver, and then a thrill,

Then something decidedly like a spill, —
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock, —
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!
— What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you 're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once, —
All at once, and nothing first, —
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE SWEET-PEA STORY.

TOLD BY KITTIE GRAY.

ȧ grē*e*′ȧbl*e* ȧ dôrn*e*d′ dĭs pȯ sĭ′ tion (shŭn) dė tẽr′mĭn*e*d ăc cŭs′tȯm prȯ tĕc′tion (shŭn)



1. "One pleasant morning last May, as I was sunning myself on the top of the fence, little Amy came singing across the yard. She stooped down near me, and began making holes in the earth. I climbed upon her shoulder and peeped over to see what would happen; and I saw that she dropped into every hole a small, round seed. She then

smoothed the earth over the seeds, and ran singing into the house.

2. "Towards noon I stretched myself upon the cool ground near by, exactly on the track of the field-mice. I laid my ear close to the earth, and listened to the low, murmuring sound which seemed to come from below. It was the small, round seeds complaining. 'Oh, how hard it is to stay in the dark! Here it is cold and damp. No air, no sunshine. O how sad!'

"Then I whispered down to them,—for the flower language is very easy to me,—I whispered down to them, 'Wait. Something beautiful will come of it. I have seen many small, round seeds hidden away in the earth, and always something beautiful came of it.'

3. "After that there were cold rains and chilling winds, and I said to myself, 'Poor little seeds! How long they have to wait! I fear they may die of cold.' But one bright morning, when the fields were green and the trees were in bloom, and there was sunshine enough for all the world, I happened to look down from my post, and saw a fine sight.

"Just where the seeds had been hidden away something beautiful had come of it,—a row of pretty green sprouts! And as I watched them day by day, I saw that they very soon put on garments of lovely green, and adorned themselves with rings.

4. "Now this is the way I found out their names. One day Amy came singing into the yard,—it is so pleasant when children come singing,—she came singing into the yard, and she said, 'Now I must string my sweet peas.' And then I knew they were sweet peas.

"She took a ball of white cord from her pocket, and began at the end of the row, giving to each one a string by which to climb the fence. But there was not quite enough of the white cord. And so she gave to one a dark, rough, knotted string, and one was left without any at all.

5. "It has been a pleasure during the summer for me to watch these two sweet peas. The one to whom the dark string was given had by no means a happy disposition. As I sat near her one morning, she made the most bitter complaints.

"'Look across the yard,' said she. 'Those plants have all the sunshine, and we have all the shade.'

"I whispered, 'Wait till afternoon. Then they will have the shade, and you will have the sun. None have the sunshine always. Some shade is good for all.'

6. "'Well,' she said, 'why is this dark, rough, knotty string given to me? I have a great desire to go up. The yellow-birds sing of fine things to be seen from the fence-top. They sing of gardens blooming with flowers, and of bees and butterflies and sparkling waters. And I've heard that higher up the air is pure and sweet. It must be very delightful. But I can never climb by that dark, rough string. I'd rather stay below.

7. "'The earthworm tells me it is quite pleasant here; and he, for one, never wished to go higher. Robin Runaway is a pleasant playfellow, and sometimes the lady-bugs come. I will creep about here and amuse myself with the beetles. This burdock is a fine shelter from the rain. Who knows but some day a pleasant way of climbing may be offered me.'

8. "From that hour I watched her course. At first she ran about gayly enough, playing with the beetles and Robin Runaway; but when a young family of weeds sprang up, it became very hard to move about. Then the burdock spread out its broad leaves, taking from her every ray of sunshine. Scarcely a breath of pure air could reach her. The singing of the birds sounded far away. She bore one pale, sickly blossom,—no more. And now whoever passes that way may find her lying there, a yellow, feeble thing, giving pleasure to none.

9. "But the sweet pea who had no string given her behaved quite differently. She said, 'I was not made to creep about here. There is something in me which says, "Go up! go up!" This earthy smell oppresses me. Oh, if one could only mount to where the birds are singing! I shall never be content to remain here with Robin Runaway and the earthworms. "Up!" is the word.'

10. "And when the yellow-birds sang to her of the beautiful things to be seen from above,—of gardens and fountains and the fragrant breath

of flowers, — she could no longer remain quiet, but resolved to find some way of raising herself from the earth.

11. "And a pleasure it was for me to watch her progress. First she came to a blade of grass. 'A blade of grass is not very high,' said she, 'but then it leads up, and at the top of this there may be found something higher.' The blade of grass led her to a poppy-stalk. 'A poppy-stalk is not very high,' said she, 'but it leads up, and who can tell what may be found at the top.'

12. "She soon climbed the poppy and found there the leaves of a currant-bush. 'A currant-bush is not very high,' said she, 'but it leads up, and from its top something may take me much higher.' At the top of the currant-bush, the air seemed filled with sweetness. This came, although she did not know it, partly from her own blossoms. But the bees knew this, and the painted butterflies. These were constant visitors, and charming company they were. And when the humming-birds came, — why, that was the best of all.

13. "And what should she find at the top of the currant-bush but that same dark, rough string I have spoken of. At first she turned away, saying, 'Oh, that is a dark, hard way, too gloomy to be pleasant.' But a little bird came down and whispered something in her ear; and I heard her saying, 'Very true, little bird; very true, little bird. One cannot expect that all the ways will be made pleasant. It leads upward. That is enough.'

14. "And it happened that the dark string led higher than all the rest, reaching even as far as the branch of hawthorn. And now she is where the yellow-birds sing. The air is pure; no smell of earth reaches her there, and she is blooming all over with the flowers that everybody loves.

"A beautiful garden is spread out beneath, where happy children play and fountains sparkle in the sun. A delightful place, where flowers without number are blooming. The air is full of their sweetness. She herself is sweeter than they all. But this she does not know."

ABBY MORTON DIAZ.

A TALK IN THE HONEY MARKET.

Flowers. "Good morrow, good bees, full early ye fly;
What will ye buy? what will ye buy?"

Bees. "We'll buy your honey, if fresh and sweet,
And good enough for our queen to eat,
And we'll store it away for our winter's treat;
For when comes the snow,
And icy winds blow,
The flowers will all be dead, you know."

Flowers. "And what will ye pay, what will ye pay,
If we provide for that wintry day?"

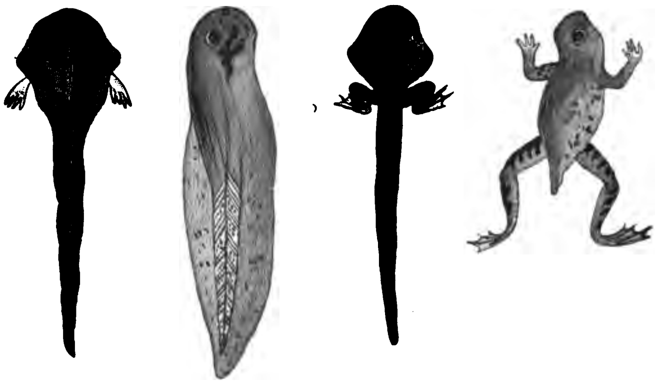
Bees. "Oh, we'll tell you fine tales. Great news ye shall gain,
For we've traveled afar over valley and plain.
And the whispering leaves of the forest trees,
They tell all their secrets to wandering bees.
We linger about where the little brooks flow,
And we hear all they sing, though they murmur so low.
We have played by the shore with the sweet Rose-Marie,
And have heard the moan of the sorrowful sea.

We spend long hours
In the woodland bowers,
And have news from your kindred, the dear wild
flowers.
We know the swamp pinks, with their fragrance
so fine,
The lupine, the aster, and bright columbine.
We know where the purple geranium blows,
And fragrant sweetbrier, and pretty wild rose.
And perhaps we 'll tell,
If your honey you 'll sell,
Why every one loveth the wild flowers so well."

Flowers. "Oh, tell us this secret, and take all our store!
Tell us how to be loved, and we 'll ask nothing
more."

Abby Morton Diaz.





FROM TADPOLE TO FROG.

SOME THINGS ABOUT FROGS.

dĕs sẽrt′	ġĕn′ẽr *a*l lȳ̆	sŭp pōs*e*′
nŭm′bẽrs	crē*a*′tūr*e*s	tăd′pōl*e*s
wĕ*a*th′ẽr	spoil′ĭng	cū′rĭ *o*ŭs
ŭn dẽr nē*a*th′	sĕv′ẽr *a*l	cŏm păn′ions (yŭns)

1. Did you ever notice, when you have been near the side of a pond, masses of little eggs, about the size of a pea, which float on the surface of the water, generally lying among the long grass at the edge of the pond?

2. Well, suppose you were to come back again in a few days to the same place; do you think you would find these dark-looking eggs still there?

No! they would all be gone; and in their places you would see numbers of funny little black creatures with very big heads and flat, thin tails, which make them look somewhat like fishes.

3. These little black creatures are called tadpoles. They grow very fast, because they eat a great deal. Little legs grow out from the sides of their body; the tail disappears; and the animal is no longer a tadpole, but a little frog, jumping about just as you have often seen frogs do.

The frog not only drinks with its mouth, but sucks up water through a great many little holes in its skin, just as a sponge does if you put it into a basin of water.

4. A gentleman once caught a number of frogs, which he kept in a bowl of water. As long as there was plenty of water in the basin, they looked fat and well; but if he took them out when the weather was very hot, they soon grew thin and ill.

These frogs became quite tame, and learned to take their food from their master's hand. They were very fond of flies, and were very clever in

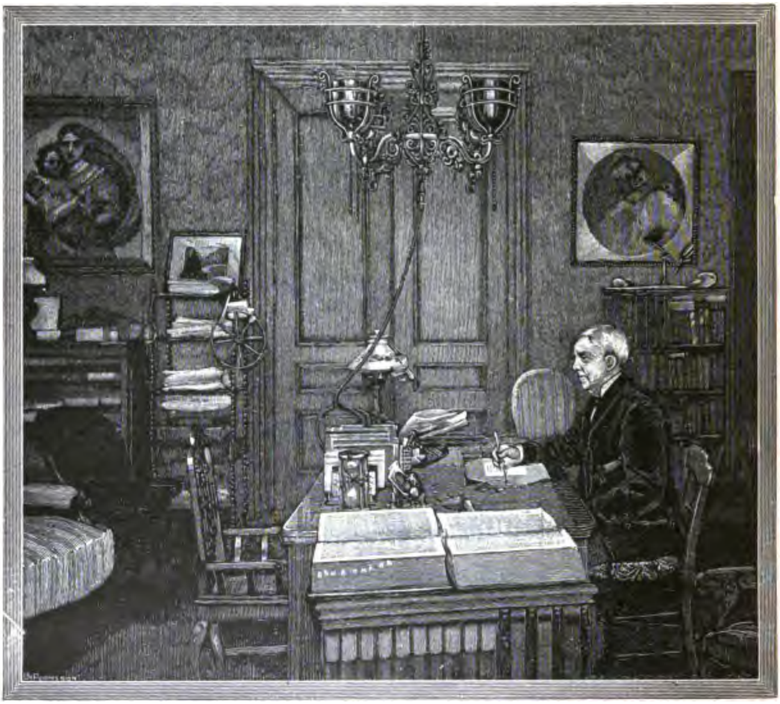
catching them. So when the fruit for the gentleman's dessert was laid out in the storeroom, these frogs were placed around it, to act as little policemen to keep the flies from spoiling it; and they did their work very well indeed.

5. Now there are some very funny things about the frog which you should watch for when you see it.

One is, that after it has worn its coat for some time and thinks it is becoming very tight, it makes up its mind to get rid of it; and as this is very curious, I will tell you about it.

6. When a number of frogs have made up their minds to change their skins, having, of course, new ones underneath, several of them begin at once.

Two of its companions hold the one whose coat is to come off, tight round the middle of its body. Then one or two others give little bites and pulls at its skin, till first one leg, and then another, and at last the whole body is set free, and the frog appears with such a clean white skin that I am afraid it must be very vain.



DOCTOR HOLMES IN HIS LIBRARY.

GRANDMOTHER HOLMES AND THE INDIAN.

Băth shē′bȧ	vĕġ′e tȧ bl*e*s	ŭn härm*e*d′
f*i*ērçe	vĕn′tūr*e*	ĭn tĕnd′ĕd

1. When Oliver Wendell Holmes was a little boy he liked to hear stories about Indians. His

father could tell them to him, as there had been many living near by when he was young.

Oliver's grandmother was a very brave woman. She knew how to take care of sick people, and was very kind.

There was once a big snow storm. So much snow fell that the houses were almost buried in it.

2. Grandmother Holmes heard of a woman, living in a town near by, who was very ill. She put on her snowshoes, climbed out of the second story window, and went to take care of her. Two men went with her, carrying a long pole, and she took hold of the middle of it to help her walk.

In those days the people were troubled by the Indians. At one time the Indians became so fierce that the men built a fort and left their wives and children there, while the work was being done in the fields.

3. Once when the women and children were alone in the fort, some vegetables were needed for their dinner. No one dared venture out but Bathsheba Holmes, who was afterwards the grandmother of Oliver.

She took a big basket and went through a long path into the garden, where she gathered the fresh vegetables and took them back to the fort.

4. Many years afterwards, when she was an old woman, a poor Indian came to her door. She gave him food, and he told her this story. He began by asking her if she remembered going to the garden with a basket years ago, when the women were in the fort. She told him that she did.

He said that he saw her leave the fort, and intended to kill her with his bow and arrow. He hid in some bushes near the path, and was just about to let the arrow fly when something within him seemed to tell him to stop, and she passed safely by.

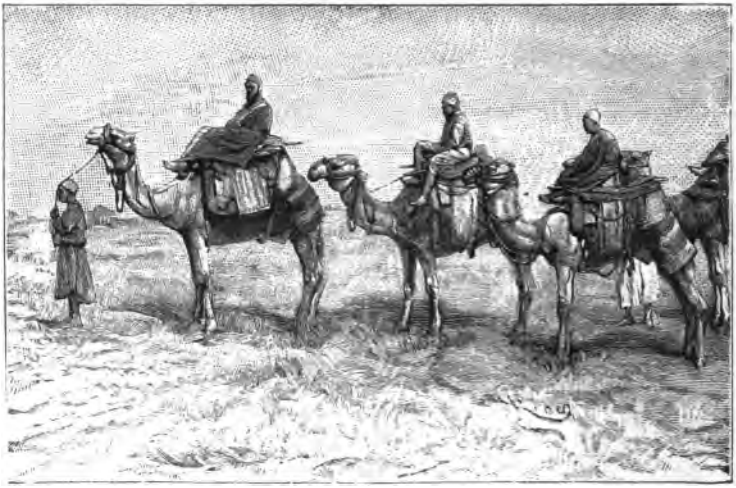
5. When she was gone, he thought himself a foolish Indian not to have shot at her, and decided to have her life when she went back.

He watched for her return, but he felt the same power holding him back. He went back to the other Indians, wondering why he could not shoot her.

He thought it was God who held his arm and saved her, and after that he looked upon her as one under the care of the Indian's God.



AN INDIAN CAMP.



CAMELS CROSSING THE DESERT.

ALI, THE BOY CAMEL-DRIVER.

Part I.

Ä'lĭ (lē)	lī'ȧ ble	rė çēived'
Gā'zȧ	căr'ȧ văn	mĕs'sāġe
Su̥ ĕz'	stŏm'ach	āim'lĕss lȳ
Hăss'an	trăp'pĭngs	ăc'çĭ dent

1. Hassan was a camel-driver who lived at Gaza. It was his business to travel across the desert to Suez, to take care of the camels. He had a son named Ali, about twelve years of age.

One day, when Hassan had been absent three months, his wife received a message from him saying that he wished her to send Ali and the camel with the next caravan going to Suez, where he would wait till the boy arrived.

2. Ali was delighted at the thought of crossing the desert with a caravan, riding his own camel, of which he was very fond. His mother was anxious at the thought of her son taking so long a journey, though she was pleased that Ali should be able to help his father.

3. The camel had been bought after many years of careful saving. Though it was so big and strong, it was as gentle as a child. Ali called it Meek-eye. At the sound of his voice the camel would come when it was called, and kneel while its master mounted or the load was put on its back.

4. So Ali got ready the trappings of the camel; he saw that the water bottles did not leak, for, as they were made of skin, they were liable to crack. At last one day he joined a caravan that was going to Suez. They filled their water bottles

at the wells near the gates of the city, and then, having bidden his mother a fond farewell, Ali started off with a light heart.

5. The leading camels had bells on their necks and were ridden by the guides. All the other camels followed the sound of the bells. So they tramped across the desert, the large spongy feet of the camels making a swishing sound as they pressed into the soft sand, while the drivers laughed and talked as they rode along.

No one took notice of Ali, who was the only boy in the party, but he talked to Meek-eye, and so kept up a brave heart.

6. Towards the middle of the day it became so hot that the sand seemed to be on fire. There was no breeze to cool and refresh them. Nothing was to be seen but sand, rocks, and sky. At noon a halt was called where a small stream gushed out of the rocks. At night the party encamped for rest, the camels lying down while fires were lighted and food was cooked.

7. For several days they traveled without accident; but on the fifth day, about noon, the

sky became overcast, a wind sprang up, the sand of the desert began to move about, and in a few minutes one of the dreaded sand-storms of the desert was upon them. The camels at once lay down and pushed their noses into the sand, while their drivers threw themselves flat upon the earth beside the camels.

8. After the storm had passed, a cry of despair was heard from the drivers. The storm had covered the track with sand, and they could not tell which way to go. So they wandered aimlessly. Three days passed thus, and now a graver danger appeared. Their water bottles were dry.

That night, as Ali lay beside his camel, he heard one of the drivers say, "There is only one thing to be done. We must kill a camel and get the water from his stomach. We had better take the boy's camel. Neither he nor his camel will be missed!"

ALI, THE BOY CAMEL-DRIVER.

Part II.

nō′tĭçed	ō′ȧ sĭs	ĕx pănse′
rē̱ sŏlve′	päl̸m	lĭs′tened
trĕm′bled	tĭn′klĭng	strāin′ĭng
whĭs′pẽr ĭng	rē̱ frĕsh′ĭng	mĭs tāk′en

1. Poor little Ali trembled with fear as he heard these words. What was he to do, alone among these men fierce with thirst? But as he thought of his camel and the father and mother he loved so well, a sudden resolve sprang up within him. He lay quite still till all was hushed in the camp. Then whispering a few words in his camel's ear, he mounted and stole softly away.

2. On he went through the quiet night, with his faithful camel under him and the silent stars above; and as he went he prayed to the God of his fathers to bring him safely through the desert.

At last day broke, and Ali saw all around him nothing but the vast expanse of sand. Towards

noon he became so faint with thirst that he nearly fell from his camel, and felt that very soon there would be nothing for him to do but to lie down and die.

3. Just then the camel plunged forward a little faster, and straining his eyes, Ali saw in the distance the top of a palm tree. The camel had seen it first, and hastening on, in a short time both were having a long drink from a well, in a small oasis in the desert.

4. After a restful sleep Ali awoke, and now noticed the marks of steps upon the sand. He knew that a caravan had been there just before him. So he drove on as fast as he could, and shortly after dusk he saw the welcome blaze of camp-fires. Soon he found himself one of a circle of camel-drivers, who gave him food and drink and listened to his tale.

5. Happy were Ali's dreams, now that he felt his troubles were nearly over. He was awakened by the shouts of drivers and the tinkling of camel-bells from a new party. As he lay listening in a sleepy fashion to these sounds, he

heard a voice that made him jump from the ground.

6. Could he be mistaken? No, it was the sound of a well-known voice, and in an instant he was in his father's arms.

Hassan had waited at Suez for some time, but as Ali did not come, he thought that there had been some mistake, and started for home. What a joyful meeting there was a few days later when at home, at Gaza, Ali told the story of his escape to his mother, who lifted up her heart in thankfulness to the great Father, who had brought her son safely home to her through so many dangers.



THREE COMPANIONS.

ġĕn'tl*e* m*a*n   coŭr'ăġ*e*   hĕ*d*ġ*e*'rō*w*s

We go on our walk together —
   Baby, and dog, and I —
Three little merry companions
   'Neath any sort of sky;
Blue, as our baby's eyes are,
   Gray, like our old dog's tail;
Be it windy, or cloudy, or stormy,
   Our courage will never fail.

Baby 's a little lady;
   Dog is a gentleman brave;
If he had two legs as you have,
   He 'd kneel to her like a slave;
As it is, he loves and protects her,
   As dog and gentleman can.
I 'd rather be a kind doggie,
   I think, than a cruel man.

Dinah Mulock-Craik.

HOLMES AS AN AUTHOR.

ĕn′tẽr	sȧ lūte′	tĭm′bẽrs
ŭn sound′	mĕd′ĭ cĭne	fā′mous
Ī′ron (Ī′ŭrn) sīdes	Cŏn stĭ tū′tion (shŭn)	

1. After his year of study at the Academy in Andover, Oliver Wendell Holmes was ready to enter Harvard College.

He proved to be a good student, and wrote many poems during his college course. Many in his class became famous men. They used to meet often and talk over their college days.

2. Mr. Holmes was chosen class poet, and he wrote several poems in honor of "The boys of '29," as he called them.

One of these "boys" was the Rev. S. F. Smith, who wrote the poem beginning "My country, 't is of thee." The words of this poem have long been sung to the well-known tune of "America."

One of Holmes's first well-known poems was "Old Ironsides," the nickname given to the war-ship "Constitution."

3. This noble vessel came into Boston Harbor, one Fourth of July, firing a salute. She had been a fine ship, and had won many victories in the service of the country.

It was found that the wood in some of her timbers was unsound, and it was proposed to break her up.

The people loved the old ship, and did not want to have her destroyed. Doctor Holmes felt so indignant that he wrote a poem resenting this proposed action. It was written one afternoon as he sat beside a window in his home at Cambridge.

4. He said in his poem it would be a shame to tear down her banners and strike away her masts. It would be better to nail her flag to the mast, set her sails, and let her ride upon her ocean home until she found a grave beneath its waves.

This poem so stirred the hearts of the people that the grand old ship was saved.

5. After graduating at Harvard, Mr. Holmes went to Boston to study medicine. He was there



VIEW FROM DR. HOLMES'S HOUSE, BOSTON, LOOKING ACROSS THE RIVER CHARLES, CAMBRIDGE IN THE DISTANCE.

three years, from 1830 to 1833, when he sailed to Paris to complete his studies. He came back in two years and opened a doctor's office in Boston.

He was so bright and cheerful that every one

liked him. It made them feel better to see his cheery smile.

6. After a few years, he gave up the practice of medicine and devoted himself for nearly forty years to giving lectures at the Harvard Medical School in Boston.

In his spare time he wrote a great deal, both in prose and verse. All of his writings have been widely read.

7. During most of his life, Doctor Holmes lived in Boston; his different homes overlooked the river Charles which he loved so well.

He lived to be very old and died in 1894.

Few men have ever been admired and respected as was Doctor Holmes for his genius as a writer and his rare character as a man.

Note.—The teacher should read Holmes's poem entitled "Old Ironsides" to the class, in connection with this lesson.

BLUNDER.

Blŭn'dẽr	ĭm ăġ'ĭne	squēak
wạb'ble	slȧnt'ĭng	lăn'tẽrn
stŭmped	chĭm'neȳ	stärved
grŭm'ble	clăm'bẽred	ĭn vĭs' ĭ ble

1. Blunder was going to the Wishing-Gate to wish for a pair of Shetland ponies and a little coach. Of course you can have your wish, if you once get there. But the thing is to find it; for it is not, as you imagine, a great gate with a tall marble pillar on each side and a sign over the top like this: WISHING–GATE, but just an old stile, made of three sticks. Put up two fingers, cross them on the top with another finger, and you have it exactly, — the way it looks, I mean, — an old stile, in the meadow; and as there are plenty of old stiles in meadows, how are you to know which is the one?

2. Blunder's fairy godmother knew, but then she could not tell him, for that was not according to fairy rules. She could only direct him to fol-

low the road, and ask the way of the first owl he met; and over and over she said, for Blunder was a very careless little boy, and seldom found anything, "Be sure you don't miss him, — be sure you don't pass him by." And so far Blunder had come on very well, for the road was straight; but at the turn it forked. Should he go through the wood or turn to the right?

3. There was an owl nodding in a tall oak tree, the first owl Blunder had seen; but he was a little afraid to wake him up, for Blunder's fairy godmother had told him that the owl sat up all night to study the habits of frogs and mice, and knew everything but what went on in the daylight under his nose; and he could think of nothing better to say than "Good Mr. Owl, will you please show me the way to the Wishing-Gate?"

4. "Eh! what 's that?" cried the owl, starting out of his nap. "Have you brought me a frog?"

"No," said Blunder, "I did not know that you would like one. Can you tell me the way to the Wishing-Gate?"

"Wishing-Gate! Wishing-Gate!" hooted the owl, very angry. "How dare you disturb me for such a thing as that? Follow your nose, sir, follow your nose!" And ruffling up his feathers, the owl was asleep again in a moment.

5. But how could Blunder follow his nose? His nose would turn to the right, or take him through the woods, whichever way his legs went; and what was the use of asking the owl, thought Blunder, if this was all? While he waited, a chipmunk came down the path, and, seeing Blunder, stopped short with a little squeak.

"Good Mrs. Chipmunk," said Blunder, "can you tell me the way to the Wishing-Gate?"

6. "I can't, indeed," answered the chipmunk, politely. "What with getting in nuts and the care of a young family, I have little time to visit anything! But if you will follow the brook, you will find an old water-sprite under a slanting stone, over which the water pours all day with a noise like wabble! wabble! who, I have no doubt, can tell you all about it."

7. So Blunder went on up the brook, and

seeing nothing of the water-sprite or the slanting stone, was just saying to himself, "I am sure I don't know where he is,—I can't find him," when he spied a frog sitting on a wet stone.

"Mr. Frog," asked Blunder, "can you tell me the way to the Wishing-Gate?"

"I cannot," said the frog; "but in a pine tree beyond, you will find an old crow, who, I am quite sure, can show you the way, as he is a great traveler."

8. "I don't know where the pine is,—I am sure I can never find him," answered Blunder; but still he went on up the brook, till, hot and tired, and out of patience at seeing neither crow nor pine, he sat down under a great tree to rest. There he heard tiny voices.

9. "Get out! Go away, I tell you! It has been knock! knock! knock! at my door all day, till I am tired out. First a wasp, and then a bee, and then another wasp, and then another bee, and now *you*. Go away! I won't let another one in to-day."

"But I want my honey. I will come in."

"You shall not, I want my nap."

10. Looking about him, Blunder spied a bee talking with a morning-glory elf, who was shutting up the morning-glory in his face.

"Elf, do you know which is the way to the Wishing-Gate?" asked Blunder.

"No," said the elf, "but if you will keep on in this path, you will meet the Dream-Man coming down from fairyland, with his bags of dreams on his shoulder; and if anybody can tell you about the Wishing-Gate, he can."

"But how can I find him?" asked Blunder.

"I don't know, I am sure," answered the elf, "unless you look for him."

11. So there was no help for it but to go on; and presently Blunder passed the Dream-Man, asleep under a witch-hazel, with his bags of good and bad dreams laid over his back. But Blunder had a habit of not using his eyes; for at home, when told to find anything, he always said, "I don't know where it is," or "I can't find it," and then his mother or his sister took pains to find it for him. So he passed the Dream-Man without

seeing him, and went on till he stumbled on Jack-o'-Lantern.

"Can you show me the way to the Wishing-Gate?" said Blunder.

"Certainly, with pleasure," answered Jack, and catching up his lantern, set out at once.

12. Blunder followed close, but, in watching the lantern, he forgot to look to his feet, and fell into a hole filled with black mud.

"I say! the Wishing-Gate is not down there," called out Jack, flying off among the tree-tops.

Oh, a very angry little boy was Blunder when he clambered out of the hole. "I don't know where it is," he said, crying; "I can't find it, and I'll go straight home."

"That is not my fault," answered Jack, merrily, dancing out of sight.

13. Just then Blunder stepped on an old moss-grown stump. This stump was a wood-goblin's chimney; and he fell through, in among the pots and pans in which the cook was cooking the goblin's supper. The old goblin, who was asleep upstairs, started up in a fright at

the clatter, and stumped down to the kitchen to see what was the matter. The cook heard him coming, and looked about her in a fright to hide Blunder.

"Quick!" cried she, "if my master catches you, he will have you in a pie. In the next room stands a pair of shoes. Jump into them, and they will take you up the chimney."

14. Off flew Blunder, burst open the door, and tore wildly about the room, in one corner of which stood the shoes; but of course he could not see them, because he was not in the habit of using his eyes. "I can't find them! Oh, I can't find them!" sobbed little Blunder, running back to the cook.

15. "Run into the closet," said the cook.

Blunder made a dash at the window, but— "I don't know where it is," he called out.

Clump! clump! That was the goblin halfway down the stairs.

"There is an invisible cloak hanging on that peg. Get into that," cried the cook, quite beside herself.

16. But Blunder could no more see the cloak than he could the shoes and the closet; and no doubt the goblin, whose hand was on the latch, would have found him crying out, "I can't find it," but fortunately Blunder caught his foot in the cloak and tumbled down, pulling the cloak over him. There he lay, hardly daring to breathe.

"What was all that noise about," asked the goblin, gruffly, coming into the kitchen.

17. As he could see nothing amiss, the old goblin went grumbling upstairs again, while the shoes took Blunder up the chimney and landed him in a meadow, safe enough, but so miserable! He was cross, he was disappointed, he was hungry. It was dark, he did not know the way home, and seeing an old stile, he climbed up and sat down on the top of it, for he was too tired to stir.

18. Just then came along the South Wind, with his pockets full of showers, and, as he happened to be going Blunder's way, he took him home, — of which the boy was glad enough, only he would have liked it better if the Wind had not laughed all the way. For what would you

think if you were walking along a road with a fat old gentleman, who went chuckling to himself and slapping his knees and poking himself till he was purple in the face, when he would burst out in a great roar of laughter.

19. "What *are* you laughing at?" asked Blunder, at last.

"At two things that I saw in my travels," answered the Wind; "a hen that starved, sitting on an empty peck-measure that stood in front of a bushel of grain, and a little boy who sat on the top of the Wishing-Gate and came home because he could not find it."

20. "What? What's that?" cried Blunder; but just then he found himself at home. There sat his fairy godmother by the fire, and though everybody else cried, "What luck?" and "Where is the Wishing-Gate?" she sat silent.

"I don't know where it is," answered Blunder. "I could n't find it;" and he told the story of his troubles.

"Poor boy!" said his mother, kissing him, while his sister ran to bring him some bread and milk.

21. "Yes, that is all very fine," cried his godmother, pulling out her needles and rolling up her ball of silk; "but now hear my story. There was once a little boy who must needs go to the Wishing-Gate, and his fairy godmother showed him the road as far as the turn, and told him to ask the first owl he met what to do.

22. "Now this little boy seldom used his eyes, so he passed the first owl and waked up the wrong owl; so he passed the water-sprite, and found only a frog; so he sat down under the pine tree, and never saw the crow; so he passed the Dream-Man, and ran after Jack-o'-Lantern; so he tumbled down the goblin's chimney, and could n't find the shoes and the closet and the cloak; and so he sat on the top of the Wishing-Gate till the South Wind brought him home, and he never knew it.

"Ugh! Bah!" cried the fairy godmother, and away she went up the chimney in such deep disgust that she did not even stop for her mouse-skin cloak.

LOUISE E. CHOLLET.

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT.

1. Louisa May Alcott has made her name dear to all boys and girls. The greater part of her life was spent in Concord, Mass., and it is her home and life there which one learns to know in "Little Women."



Always bright and merry, with heart full of love for every one, she was the life of the household.

2. She was always busy, working for others. Her early years were full of hardship, but later her books became popular, and she was able to do much for those who were dear to her.

Her artist sister, the one called Amy in "Little Women," died while abroad, and sent her baby girl, Louisa May Neriker, to Miss Alcott.

3. The little one was a comfort and delight to her aunt, who cared for her like a mother.

They used to have an hour before bedtime, when little Lulu in her aunt's arms listened to pretty stories of fairies and happy children.

4. Just before Miss Alcott's death in 1888, these stories came out in three books, called "Lulu's Library."

Through the kindness of this same Lulu and her cousins, the Demi and Daisy in "Little Men," two of these stories, "Eva's Visit to Fairyland," and "The Fairy Spring," appear in this Reader.



LITTLE MAY ON HER WAY TO THE BROOK.

THE FAIRY SPRING.

Part I.

splăshed	blēach	căd′dĭs
drăg′ȯn	dī′ȧ mȯnd	splĕn′dĭd
hū′man	pĕb′ble	mĭn′nōw
fā′vor (vẽr) ĭte	fŭz′zȳ	rāil′ĭng

1. One summer morning a party of little wood people were talking together about something which interested them very much. The fruit fairy was eating her breakfast as she swung on a long spray that waved in the wind; a bluebird was taking his bath in the pool below, looking as if a bit of the sky had fallen into the water as he splashed and shook the drops from his wings; Skip, the squirrel, was resting on the mossy wall, after clearing out his hole of last year's nuts; Spin, the spider, was busily spreading her webs to bleach; and Brownie, the little bear, was warming his fuzzy back in the sunshine, for his den was rather dark and cold.

2. "It is such a pity that no one understands what the brook is trying to tell them. If they only knew about the fairy spring as we do, this is just the day to set out and find it," said Iris, the elf, as she took the last sip of raspberry shrub from the pretty red cup, and wiped her lips on a napkin Spin had made for her.

3. "Ah, if they only did! How glad I should be to show them the way," answered the bluebird,

as he dried his feathers on a mossy stone, while the caddis worms all popped their heads out of sight in their little stone houses for fear he might eat them.

4. "I have called every child I have seen, and have done my best to lead them up the mountain; but they won't come, and I cannot make them understand the words the brook keeps singing. How dull human creatures are! Even Brownie knows this song, though he is a dear, clumsy thing, always going to sleep when he is not eating," said Skip, with a twinkle in his bright eye; for he and the little bear were good friends.

5. "Of course I do; I've heard it ever since I was born, and the first long walk I took was up the mountain to find the wonderful spring. I drank of it, and have been the happiest creature alive ever since," answered Brownie, with a roll on the green grass.

6. "I am too busy to go, but my cousin Velvetback often comes down and tells me about the splendid life he leads up there, where no foot ever treads on him, no hand ever breaks his

webs, and everything is so still and bright that he is always in a hurry to get home again. When my weaving and bleaching are all done I am going up to see for myself;" and Spin shook off the tiny drops of dew which shone like diamonds on her largest web.

7. "There is one child who comes every day to look at the brook and listen to its babble as it runs under the little bridge over there. I think she will soon hear what it says, and then we will lead her along higher and higher till she finds the spring, and is able to tell every one the happy secret," said Iris, shaking out her many-colored robe before she skimmed away to float over the pool, so like a glittering dragon fly, few guessed that she was a fairy.

8. "Yes, she is a sweet child," said the bluebird, hopping to the wall to look along the lane to see if she was coming. "She never throws pebbles in the water to disturb the minnows, nor breaks the ferns only to let them die, nor troubles us as we work and play as most children do. She leans there and watches us as if

she loved us, and sings to herself as if she were half a bird. I like her, and I hope she will be the first to find the spring."

9. "So do I," said Skip, going to sit by his friend and watch for the child, while Brownie peeped through a chink in the wall that she might not be frightened at sight of him, small as he was.

"She is coming! she is coming!" called Iris, who had flown to the railing of the rustic bridge, and danced for joy as a little figure came slowly down the winding lane.

10. A pretty child, with hair like sunshine, eyes blue as the sky, cheeks like the wild roses nodding to her on either side of the way, and a voice as sweet as the babbling brook she loved to sing with. May was never happier than when alone in the woods; and every morning, with her cup and a little roll of bread in her basket, she wandered away to some of her favorite nooks to feast on berries, play with the flowers, talk to the birds, and make friends with all the harmless wood creatures, who soon knew and welcomed her.

11. She had often wondered what the brook sang, and tried to catch the words it seemed to be calling to her. But she never quite understood till this day, for when she came to the bridge and saw her friends — bluebird, squirrel, and dragon fly — waiting for her, she smiled and waved her hand to them and just at that moment she heard the song of the brook quite plainly:

"I am calling, I am calling,
As I ripple, run, and sing,
Come up higher, come up higher,
Come and find the fairy spring.

"Who will listen, who will listen,
To the wonders I can tell
Of a palace built of sunshine,
Where the sweetest spirits dwell?

"Singing winds, and magic waters,
Golden shadows, silver rain,
Spells that make the sad heart happy,
Sleep that cures the deepest pain.

"Cheeks that bloom like summer roses,
Smiling lips and eyes that shine,

Come to those who climb the mountain,
Find and taste the fairy wine.

"I am calling, I am calling,
As I ripple, run, and sing;
Who will listen, who will listen,
To the story of the spring?"

12. "Where is it; oh, where is it?" cried May, when the song ended; for she longed to see beautiful things.

"Go up higher, go up higher,
Far beyond the waterfall,
Follow Echo up the mountain,
She will answer to your call.

"Bird and butterfly and blossom,
All will help to show the way;
Lose no time, the day is going,
Find the spring, dear little May,"

sang the brook; and the child was enchanted to hear the sweet voice talking to her of this pleasant journey.

13. "Yes, I will go at once. I am ready and have no fear, for the woods are full of friends,

and I long to see the mountain top; it must be so lovely up there," she said, looking through the green arches, where the brook came dancing down over the rocks, far away to the gray peak hidden in the clouds.

THE FAIRY SPRING.

Part II.

păl'āçe	spĭr'ĭt	măġ'ĭc
ĕn chȧnt'ĕd	mŏs qui' (kē) tō	fōam'ĭng
ärch'ĕs	dŏdġe	tăn'gled
mīght'y̆	guīde	dăsh'ĭng

1. There lay the fairy spring, and she was going to find it. The brook said, "Make haste!" so away she went over the wall, with Skip leaping before her, as if to show the safest stones to set her little feet on. Iris waved the raspberry sprays to attract her with the ripe fruit, and when the basket was nearly full, Bluebird flew from tree to tree to lead her on further into the wood. Brownie dodged behind the rocks and

fallen logs, waiting for his turn to come, as he had a fine surprise for the little traveller by and by.

2. It was a lovely road, and May went happily on, with thick moss underneath, shady boughs overhead, flowers to nod and smile at her, and friends to guard, guide, and amuse her. Every ant stopped work to see her pass; birds leaned out of their nests to bid her good-day; and the bright-eyed snakes, fearing to alarm her, hid under the leaves. Lovely butterflies flew round her in clouds; and she looked like a pretty one herself, with her blue gown and sunny hair blowing in the wind.

3. So she came at last to the waterfall. Here the brook took a long leap over some high rocks to fall foaming into a basin fringed with ferns out of which it flowed again, to run faster than ever down to join the river rolling through the valley, to flow at last into the mighty ocean and learn a grander song.

4. "I can never go up there without wings," said May, as she looked at the high rocks with

a tangle of vines all over them. Then she remembered what the brook told her, and called out, —

"Echo, are you here?"

"Here!" answered an airy voice.

"How can I climb up?"

"Climb up."

"Yes; but can I get through the vines?"

"Through the vines."

"It is very high, but I can try it."

"Try it, try it," answered the voice so clearly that May could not doubt what to do.

"Well, if I'm brave I shall be helped."

"Be helped," answered Echo.

5. "Now I'm coming, and I hope I shall find you, sweet Echo."

"Find sweet Echo," sang the voice; and when May laughed, a softer laugh answered her so gayly that she forgot her fear in eagerness to see this new friend hiding above the waterfall.

6. Up she went, and as if fairy hands cleared the way for her, the tangled vines made a green ladder for her feet, while every time she stopped for breath and called, as she peeped into the

shadowy nooks or looked at the dashing water, "Are you here?" the mocking voice always answered from above,—

"Here!"

7. So she climbed safely up and sat down to rest at the top, looking down the valley, where the brook danced and sparkled as if glad to see her on her way. The air blew freshly, and the sun shone more warmly here, for the trees were not so thick, and lovely glimpses of far-off hills and plains, like pictures set in green frames, made one eager to go on and see more.

8. Skip and Bluebird kept her company, so she did not feel lonely, and followed these sure guides higher and higher till she came out among the great bare cliffs, where rocks lay piled as if giants had been throwing them about in their rough play.

THE FAIRY SPRING.

PART III.

ēa'gle	cär'pĕt ĕd	hȯn'ey̆
mĕr'rĭ ment	trŭdġe	nĭm'bly̆
wēa'rĭ nĕss	pẽar'ly̆	crĕv'ĭçe

1. "Oh, how large the world is! and what a little thing I am!" said May, as she looked out over miles of country so far below that the towns looked like toy villages, and people like ants at work. A strong wind blew, all was very still, for no bird sang and no flowers bloomed; only green moss grew on the rocks, and tiny pines no longer than her finger carpeted the narrow bits of ground here and there. An eagle flew high overhead, and great white clouds sailed by so near that May could feel their damp breath as they passed.

2. The child felt a little fear, all was so vast and strange and wonderful; and she seemed so weak and small that for a moment she half wished she had not come.

She sighed, and looked from the mountain top, hidden in mist, to the sunny valley where mother was, and a tear was about to fall when Iris came floating to her like a blue and silver butterfly, and alighting on her hand, let May see her lovely little face and hear her small voice as she smiled and sung, —

"Have no fear,
Friends are here,
To help you on your way.
The mountain's breast
Will give you rest,
And we a feast, dear May.
Here at your feet
Is honey sweet,
And water fresh to sip.
Fruit I bring
On Bluebird's wing,
And nuts sends merry Skip.
Rough and wild,
To you, dear child,
Seems the lonely mountain way;
But have no fear,
For friends are near,
To guard and guide, sweet May."

3. Then at the tap of the fairy's wand, up gushed fresh water from the rock; Bluebird dropped a long stalk of grass strung with raspberries like red beads; Skip scattered his best nuts; and Brownie came with a great piece of honeycomb folded in vine leaves. He had found a wild bees' nest, and this was his surprise. He was so small and gentle, and his little eyes twinkled so kindly, that May could not be afraid, and gladly sat down on the crisp moss to eat and drink with her friends about her.

4. It was a merry lunch, for all told tales and each amused the little pilgrim in his or her pretty way. The bird let her hold him on her hand and admire his lovely blue plumes. Skip chattered and pranced till there seemed to be a dozen squirrels there instead of one. Brownie stood on his head, tried to dance, and was so funny in his clumsy attempts to outdo the others that May laughed till many echoes joined in her merriment. Iris told her splendid stories of the fairy spring, and begged her to go on, for no one ever had so good a chance as she to find out

the secret and see the spirit who lived on the mountain top.

5. "I am strong and brave now, and will not turn back. Come with me, dear creatures, and help me over these great rocks, for I have no wings," said May, trudging on again, much refreshed by her rest.

"I'll carry you like a feather, my dear; step up and hold fast, and see me climb," cried Brownie, glad to be of use.

6. So May sat on his fuzzy back as on a soft cushion, and his strong legs and sharp claws carried him finely over the rough, steep places, while Bluebird and Skip went beside her, and Iris flew in front to show the way. It was a very hard journey, and poor fat Brownie panted and puffed, and often stopped to rest. But May was so surprised and charmed with the lovely clouds all about her that she never thought of being tired.

7. She forgot the world below, and soon the mist hid it from her, and she was in a world of sunshine, sky, and white clouds floating about like ships in a sea of blue air. She seemed to be

riding on them when one wrapped her in its soft arms; and more than once a tiny cloud came and sat on her lap, like a downy lamb, which melted when she tried to hold it.

"Now we are nearly there, and Velvet comes to meet us. These fine fellows are the only creatures who live up here, and these tiny star-flowers the only green things that grow," said Iris, at last, when all the clouds were underneath and the sky overhead was purple and gold, as the sun was going down.

8. Velvet ran nimbly to give May a silver thread which would lead her straight to the spring; and the path before her was carpeted with the pretty white stars, that seemed to smile at her as if glad to welcome her. She was so eager that she forgot her weariness, and hurried on till she came at last to the mountain top, and there, like a beautiful blue eye looking up to heaven, lay the fairy spring.

9. May ran to look into it, thinking she would see only the rock below and the clouds above; but to her wonder there was a lovely palace

reflected in the clear water and shining as if made of silver, with crystal bells chiming with a sound like water-drops set to music.

"Oh, how beautiful! Is it real? Who lives there? Can I go to it?" cried May, longing to sink down and find herself in that charming palace, and know to whom it belonged.

10. "You cannot go till you have drunk of the water and slept by the spring; then the spirit will appear, and you will know the secret," answered Iris, filling a pearly shell that lay on the brim of the spring.

"Must I stay here all alone? I shall be cold and afraid so far from my own little bed and my dear mother," said May, looking anxiously about her; for the sky was growing dim and night coming on.

"We will stay with you, and no harm can come to you, for the spirit will be here while you sleep. Drink and dream, and in the morning you will be in a new world."

11. While Iris spoke, Brownie had piled up a bed of star-flowers in a little crevice of the rock;

Velvet had spun a silken curtain over it to keep the dew off; Bluebird perched on the tallest stone to keep watch; and when May had drunk a cup of the fairy water and lain down, with Skip rolled up for a pillow and Brownie at her feet for a



THE SPIRIT GREETS LITTLE MAY AT THE MOUNTAIN TOP.

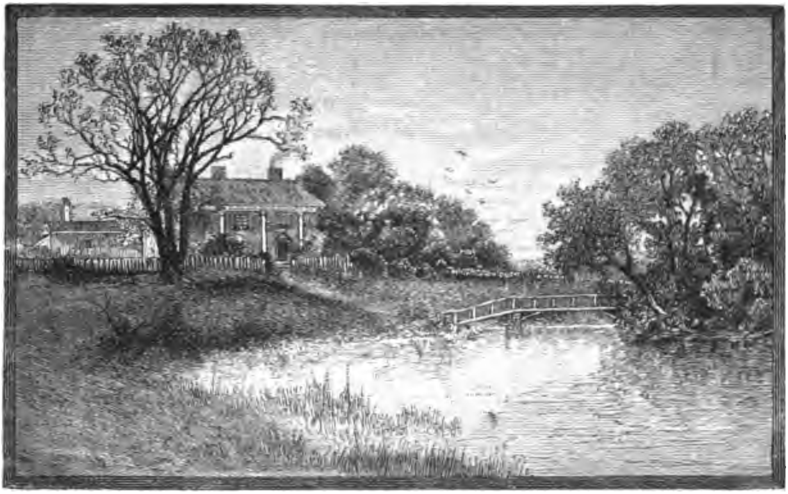
warm rug, Iris waved her wand and sang a lullaby so sweet that the child was in dreamland at once.

12. When she woke it was day, but she had no time to see the rosy sky, the mist rolling away,

or the sunshine dazzling down upon the world, for there before her, rising from the spring, was the spirit so beautiful and smiling May could only clasp her hands and look. As softly as a cloud the spirit floated toward her, and with a kiss as cool as a dew-drop, she said in a voice like a fresh wind:

13. "Dear child, you are the first to come and find me. Welcome to the mountain and the secret of the spring. It is this: whoever climbs up and drinks this water will leave all pain and weariness behind, and grow healthy in body, happy in heart, and learn to see and love all the simple wholesome things that help to keep us good."

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.



MR. BRYANT'S EARLY HOME.

BRYANT'S BIRTHPLACE.

Cŭm'mĭng tȯn	crown*e*d	strē*a*ms
pȧs'tūre	văl'l*e*y̆	Scŏt'l*a*nd
ăl'phȧ bĕt	spē*a*r'mĭnt	rĭp'pl*e*d
Nō vĕm'bẽr	Wĕst'f*i*ēld	nẽrv'*o*ŭs

1. In the western part of Massachusetts is a village called Cummington. This town abounds in hills, almost high enough to be called mountains, and these hills are covered with forests.

There are many streams which spring from the hills and the woods, and after wandering over

the rocks and through the fields, flow into the Westfield River.

2. These streams make the grass and the flowers grow, and water the farms which are on the hillside; and the village makes a pretty picture with its pastures, valleys, and woodland.

Years ago, while George Washington was the President, a doctor named Peter Bryant lived in a log farmhouse upon one of these hillsides. A baby boy was born in that house on the 3d of November in the year 1794. This baby was named William Cullen Bryant. Perhaps his father hoped he would be a doctor when he became a man, for William Cullen was the name of a famous doctor in Scotland.

3. William was a bright little fellow, beginning to walk when he was one year of age; and when he was about a year and a half old, he knew the alphabet.

But this did not help to make him a strong and healthy child, and he became pale and feeble. His father wished his boy to be strong, so every morning the little fellow was dipped in a deep

spring of cold water near the house. The little boy did not enjoy this bath, which was given him by one of the young men who was studying medicine with his father, but he grew stronger.

4. William remembered very little about his early school days. No doubt his bright eyes would often wander to the window, where he could see the birds flying and watch the fleecy clouds. The drowsy hum of the bees and the chirp of the crickets would often lull him to sleep.

Once when he fell asleep his teacher took him from the hard bench into her lap. When he awoke, he was very angry to find himself there, for he thought he was too big to be treated like a baby.

5. He remembered that, when there was a summer shower, the boys told him to take off his hat so that the rain might fall upon his hair and make it grow.

A pretty brook rippled along beside the schoolhouse. William and his schoolmates played beside it, and gathered the spearmint which grew along its banks.

A DAY.

stēe′ple	stīle	flŏck
ăm′ĕ thy̆st	pûr′ple	dŏm′ĭ nĭe

I 'll tell you how the sun rose,—
  A ribbon at a time:
The steeples swam in amethyst,
  The news like squirrels ran.

The hills untied their bonnets,
  The bobolinks begun.
Then I said softly to myself,
  "That must have been the sun!"

But how he set, I know not.
  There seemed a purple stile,
Which little yellow boys and girls
  Were climbing all the while,

Till when they reached the other side,
  A dominie in gray
Put gently up the evening bars
  And led the flock away.

EMILY DICKINSON.

BRYANT'S EARLY HOME LIFE.

chạlk	vī ȯ lĭn′	dḗ çēit′
tĭm′bẽr	bāss′ vī ȯl	pā′tients (shents)

1. In the spring of 1799 Dr. Bryant left the old log farmhouse and went to live with Squire Snell, his wife's father.

This old man was very odd, and his grandchildren were afraid of him because he was so stern. He was really a kind man at heart, and only severe to those who did wrong; but the boys hardly dared ask a favor of him.

2. Children in those days were kept in order by means of a little bunch of birch rods. These were tied together, and hung from a nail in the kitchen. Sometimes a boy had to gather the twigs for his own punishment.

The grandmother was gentle with the children, and would play with them. Sometimes she made pictures with chalk upon the kitchen floor, and this pleased the children.

Once a man stole a fine piece of timber which Squire Snell was saving to make runners for a

sled. The Squire found out who had done this, and, for punishment, he made the thief carry some rye to three poor widows, and tell them why he had brought it.

3. William's mother was tall and straight. She was a very busy woman, and spun yarn on her wheel, wove it into cloth, and cut and made most of the clothing for the family. She wove her own carpets, made her own candles, and taught her children to read and write.

She was a good woman, and taught her children to hate wrong and deceit. If any of the neighbors were sick or in trouble, Mrs. Bryant was ready to help and comfort them.

4. Dr. Bryant was a kind man, who had read many books and learned a great deal from them. He had the largest library in the village, and it contained over seven hundred books.

He loved poetry and music, and played upon the violin. He made a bass viol, and learned to play upon it.

His calls were made upon horseback, and his patients paid him what they pleased.

THE BRAVE DRUMMER-BOY.

Lĭn'c*ol*n	ĕn'ē mȳ	Cŏn'grĕs*s*
brĕ*a*st	ser'(sär) ġ*ea*nt	păr'ȧ pĕt
col'onel (kûr'n*e*l)	wound'(wo͞ond)ĕd	

1. General Grant gained a notable victory at the battle of Missionary Ridge during the great Civil War. President Lincoln sent a letter of thanks to him and his army for their skill and bravery, and Congress voted to have a gold medal sent to the victorious general.

2. One of the bravest hearts in that great battle was a little drummer-boy from Ohio, whose name was John. He was only a boy, with bright black eyes, but he was fearless and he loved his country.

When he saw the soldiers preparing for this battle, he went to the colonel and asked him if he might lay aside his drum and shoulder a gun.

3. "Go back to your regiment," said the colonel, and the little fellow turned sadly away.

It was a fierce battle, and John finally threw

down his drum and dashed into the front ranks. He had no gun, but soon a comrade fell at his side, and he shouldered his musket and pressed to the front. Just then a fire swept the row, and the drummer-boy dropped to the ground.

4. Again and again the lines were driven back, only to make fresh charges upon the enemy's breastworks.

While they waited under the Ridge for another order to charge, they missed John. Some one said: "John is wounded and lies close to the enemy's breastworks. He will surely die, if he is left there."

5. One soldier, a sergeant, crept back over the battlefield until he found the drummer-boy, lying there near the enemy's guns. The boy put out his hand and tried to rise, saying, "I think in a moment more I should have stood on the parapet, for I have been used to climbing; but I shall never climb any more.

"Please wake me, Sergeant, when you see the men climb those breastworks. I think I shall

forget my pain when I see the old flag waving against the sky."

6. The sergeant lifted the boy and carried him to the Ridge. How the men shouted when they saw him!

When General Grant saw the flags floating on the slopes of Missionary Ridge, the dying drummer-boy heard the news, too. He smiled in spite of his suffering, and was glad he had given his life for his country.

BRYANT'S SCHOOL DAYS.

lŭnch'eȯn	hōme'stĕad	råfts
băt'tle	dĭm'ple	ġē ŏg'rȧ phy̆ (fy̆)
rĭv'ū lĕt	rĭp'ples	mĕlt'ĭng

1. After the Bryant family moved into the old homestead, William and his brother Austin went to school in a little house near by.

This house stood on the bank of the same rivulet which ran by their home. If it had been a little larger the boys might have gone to school in a boat.

Their teacher was called Neighbor Briggs, and he had a long birch rod with which he kept the boys in order.

2. William was a very good speller, and fond of geography. His lessons interested him, and he loved to study and learn of this beautiful world.

In many country schools, the children live so far from school that they do not go home at noon, but carry their dinners with them.

They sit out under the trees, when it is pleas-

ant, and eat their luncheon, and then play about until the teacher rings a bell to call them into the schoolhouse.

3. William and the other boys loved to play together near the water. They would build dams across the stream, make rafts, and sail their little boats.

In the winter they would slide on the ice, and build forts of the snow. How the snowballs would fly when they had a snow battle!

William loved this stream, or rivulet, as he called it. It was his playfellow at home and at school, and was always sparkling and ready for a frolic, as it ran down to join the Westfield River, and was carried on to the sea.

4. He loved the murmur of its ripples over the stones, and found music in its singing waters. The birds sang in the bushes on its banks, and the violet grew close to its waters.

In the springtime, when the rains filled all the streams, and the melting snow ran down the hillsides into them, the rivulet would become quite a large stream.

It would leap and dimple, and sometimes tear off pieces of its bank and carry them further down to some other meadow or wood.

5. It would seem to dance to its own music, and laugh as it played with the roots along its bank; and it made the bushes along its bank feel as if they were dancing, too, for when they looked at themselves in the waters, they were whirling and turning with the silver ripples.

When William was very young, he began to write poetry. The verses came singing themselves into his mind, and he loved to write the thoughts which came to him.

6. Do you think he forgot the little rivulet? No, indeed. It was too dear a friend. When he grew older, he would sit by its side and write poetry there. He had the moss and grass for a carpet, the blue sky overhead, and the soft airs and sweet odors of the wood about him. He loved the quiet hush, only broken by the sounds of the birds' notes and the singing of the rivulet. Many of his best poems were written out of doors.



A RIVULET FLOWING THROUGH THE WOODS.

THE RIVULET.

[Abridged.]

o̅o̅z′ȳ	prăt′tlĭng	thrăsh′ẽr
wa̤′tẽr crĕss	grăn′deūr	wa̤r′blĭng

This little rill, that from the springs
Of yonder grove its current brings,
Plays on the slope awhile, and then
Goes prattling into groves again,
Oft to its warbling waters drew
My little feet, when life was new.

When woods in early green were dressed,
And from the chambers of the west
The warm breezes, traveling out,
Breathed the new scent of flowers about,
My truant steps from home would stray,
Upon its grassy side to play,
List the brown thrasher's vernal hymn,
And crop the violet on its brim,
With blooming cheek and open brow,
As young and gay, sweet rill, as thou.

And when the days of boyhood came,
And I had grown in love with fame,
Duly I sought thy banks, and tried
My first rude numbers by thy side.
Words cannot tell how bright and gay
The scenes of life before me lay.
Then glorious hopes, that now to speak
Would bring the blood into my cheek,
Passed o'er me; and I wrote, on high,
A name I deemed should never die.

Years change thee not. Upon yon hill
The tall old maples, verdant still,

Yet tell, in grandeur of decay,
How swift the years have passed away,
Since first, a child, and half afraid,
I wandered in the forest shade.
Thou, ever joyous rivulet,
Dost dimple, leap, and prattle yet;
And sporting with the sands that pave
The windings of thy silver wave,
And dancing to thy own wild chime,
Thou laughest at the lapse of time.

The same sweet sounds are in my ear
My early childhood loved to hear;
As pure thy limpid waters run;
As bright they sparkle to the sun;
As fresh and thick the bending ranks
Of herbs that line thy oozy banks;
The violet there, in soft May dew,
Comes up, as modest and as blue;
As green amid thy current's stress,
Floats the scarce-rooted water cress;
And the brown ground-bird, in thy glen,
Still chirps as merrily as then.

William Cullen Bryant.



THE HOME OF LITTLE DAISY IN SUMMER.

THE DAISY'S FIRST WINTER.

Part I.

crȳs'tal	rē flĕc'tion (shŭn)	sĭl'vẽr ȳ
ȧ nĕm'ō nēs	cush'ions (kŏŏsh'ŭns)	blōōm'ĭng

1. Somewhere in a garden of this earth, grew a fresh, bright little Daisy. The first this little Daisy knew, she found herself growing in green pastures and beside the still waters; and very beautiful did life look to her, as her bright little eyes opened and looked down into the deep crystal waters of the brook below.

2. She knew all the yellow-birds and meadow-larks and bobolinks and blackbirds that sang, piped, whistled, or chattered among the bushes and trees in the pasture, and she was a favorite with them all. The fish that darted to and fro in the waters seemed like so many living gems. Beautiful flowers grew up in the water or on the moist edges of the brook.

3. In fact, there is scarcely any saying how many beautiful blooming things grew in that green pasture where dear little Daisy was so happy at first to open her bright eyes. They did not all blossom at once, but had their graceful changes, — a sending forth of leaves, or a making of buds, or a bursting out into blossoms.

4. When the blossoms passed away, there were

seeds, all packed away so snugly in their little seed-pods, which were of every dainty shape that ever could be fancied for a lady's jewel box. Overhead there grew a widespreading apple tree, which in the month of June became a bouquet, holding up to the sun silvery opening flowers and pink-tipped buds.

5. Little Daisy's life was one delight from day to day. She had a hundred playmates among the light-winged winds that came to her every hour to tell her what was going on all over the green pasture, and to bring her sweet messages from the violets and the anemones. There was not a ring of sunlight that danced in the golden network at the bottom of the brook that did not bring a thrill of gladness to her heart.

At night the dewdrops stepped about among the flowers and washed their leaves and faces before they went to rest, and they kept tender guard all night over the flowers, watching to see that all was safe.

6. Sometimes a great surly, ill-looking cloud would appear in the sky, like a cross school-

master, and sweep up all the sunbeams, and then he would send a great, strong wind down on them all, with a frightful noise and roar, and sweep all the little flowers flat to the earth; and there would be a great pattering of raindrops; but in about half an hour it would be all over, — the sunbeams would all dance out from their hiding-places, just as good as if nothing had happened.

7. Daisy had the greatest pride and joy in her own white blossoms; for as fast as one dropped its leaves, another was ready to open its eyes, and there were buds of every size, waiting still to come on. "How favored I am!" said Daisy; "I never stop blossoming. The anemones and the bloodroot have their time, but then they stop and have only leaves, while I go on blooming; how nice it is to be made as I am!"

8. "But you must remember," said a great, rough Burdock to her, — "you must remember that your winter must come at last, when all this fine blossoming will have to be done with."

"What do you mean?" said Daisy, in a tone

of pride. "You are an ugly old thing, and that's why you are cross."

"Tell me, Bobolink," said Daisy, "is there any truth in what this Burdock has been saying? What does she mean by winter?"

"I don't know, — not I," said Bobolink, as he turned a dozen somersets in the air and perched himself airily on a thistle-head, singing, —

"I don't know, and I don't care;
It's mighty pleasant to fly up there,
And it's mighty pleasant to light down here,
And all I know is chip, chip, cheer."

9. "Say, Humming-bird, do you know anything about winter?"

"Winter? I never saw one," said Humming-bird; "we have wings, and follow Summer round the world, and where she is, there go we."

"Meadow-lark, Meadow-lark, have you ever heard of winter?" said Daisy.

Meadow-lark was sure he never remembered one. "What is winter?" he said, looking confused.

"Butterfly, Butterfly," said Daisy, "come, tell me, will there be winter, and what is winter?"

10. But the Butterfly laughed, and danced up and down, and said, "What is Daisy talking about? I never heard of winter? Winter? ha! ha! What is it?"

"Then it's only one of Burdock's sayings," said Daisy. "Just because she is n't pretty, she wants to spoil my pleasure, too. Say, dear lovely tree that shades me so sweetly, is there such a thing as winter?"

And the tree said, with a sigh through its leaves, "Yes, daughter, there will be winter; but fear not, for the Good Shepherd makes both summer and winter, and each is good in its time. Enjoy thy summer and fear not."

THE DAISY'S FIRST WINTER.

Part II.

Bûr′dŏ*c*k	frĭnġ*e*d	Shĕp′*h*ẽrd
cȧs′kĕts	whĭth′ẽr	drē*a*r′y̆
âi*r*′ĭ ly̆	pẽrch*e*d	ple*a*s′ (plĕzh) ụ̈r*e*

1. The months rolled by. The violets had long ago stopped blooming, their leaves were turning yellow but they had beautiful green seed-caskets, full of rows of little pearls, which next year should come up in blue violets. The dog-toothed violet and the eyebright had gone under ground, and Daisy wondered whither they could be gone. The brook side seemed all on fire with golden-rod, and the bright yellow was relieved by the rich purple tints of the asters, while the blue fringed gentian held up its cups, — and still Daisy had leaves and blossoms, and felt strong and well.

2. By and by there came winds and storms of sleet and hail; and then at night it would be so cold, so cold! and one after another the leaves and flowers fell stiff and frozen. The leaves fell from the apple-tree, and sailed away down the

brook; the butterflies lay dead with the flowers, but all the birds had gone singing away to the sunny south, following the summer into other lands.



EARLY WINTER NEAR DAISY'S HOME.

"Tell me, dear tree," said Daisy, "is this winter that is coming?"

"It is winter, darling," said the tree, "but fear not. The Good Shepherd makes winter as well as summer."

"*I* still hold my blossoms," said Daisy, — for Daisy was a hardy little thing.

3. But the frosts came harder and harder every night, and first they froze her blossoms, and then they froze her leaves, and finally all, all were gone, — there was nothing left but the poor little root, with the folded leaves of the future held in its bosom.

"Ah, dear tree!" said Daisy, "is not this dreadful?"

"Be patient, darling," said the tree, "I have seen many, many winters; but the Good Shepherd loses never a seed, never a root, never a flower: they will all come again."

4. By and by came colder days and colder; and then there came driving storms, and the snow lay over Daisy's head. But still from the bare branches of the apple tree came a voice of cheer. "Courage, darling, and patience! Not a flower shall be lost; winter is only for a season."

"It is so dreary!" murmured Daisy.

"It will be short: the spring will come again," said the tree.

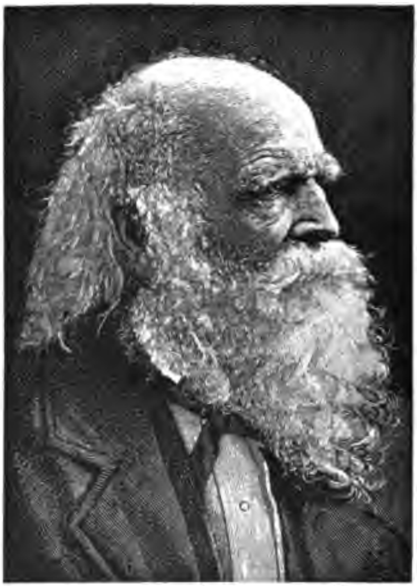
5. And at last the spring did come, and the snow melted and ran away down the brook, and the sun shone out warm, and fresh green leaves jumped and sprang out of every dry twig of the apple tree; and one bright day, little Daisy opened her eyes, and lo! there were all her friends once more.

There were the eyebrights and the violets and the anemones — only ever so many more of them than there were last year, because each little pearl of a seed had been nursed by the snows of winter, and had come up as a little plant to have its own flowers.

6. The birds all came back and began building their nests, and everything was brighter and fairer than before; and Daisy felt strong at heart because she had been through a winter and learned not to fear it.

She looked up into the apple-tree. "Will there be more winters, dear tree?" she said. "Darling, there will; but fear not. Enjoy the present hour, and leave future winters to Him that makes them."

Harriet Beecher Stowe.



MR. BRYANT IN HIS OLD AGE.

BRYANT'S BOYHOOD.

bŏt′ȧ nȳ̆	wa̤n′dẽr	nā′tūre
fĕath′ẽr y̆	spär′klĭng	sẽarched

1. Dr. Bryant soon learned that his son William would rather be a poet than a doctor. His wish was that he should do whatever was best.

When he knew how much William loved poetry, he gave him good books of poems to

read. Dr. Bryant loved nature, too, and he would walk in the fields and woods with his son, talking with him and teaching him about the trees and flowers.

2. When William worked upon the farm for his father, they would rest at noon time under the shade of the trees, and study botany. He soon knew much about plants and where they grew, and loved to wander by himself into the forests that crowned the hills. Nature had always been his dear friend, and he learned many beautiful lessons from her.

3. The spring delighted him with its merry brooks and brave little blossoms. How eagerly he searched for the earliest blooms and loved the tiny blossoms, which brought sweet promises from the heavy skies!

He said there was beauty in his winter walks. The brook was as gay with its border of sparkling frostwork as with its fringe of summer flowers.

He could see the village through the leafless trees. When the clouds had shaken down to

earth the feathery snow, and all was white, he loved to visit the groves.

4. In the autumn it made him sad to see the leaves heaped in the hollows of the wood. The frost had killed the flowers, and the south wind could whisper to them no more.



THE HOUSE IN WHICH MR. BRYANT WROTE HIS FAMOUS POEM, "THANATOPSIS."

But the beautiful trees in the early fall seemed like giant kings in purple and gold. He loved to hear the wind at play with the bright leaves along the paths in the woods.



This is a picture of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, in 1812. Her father was a famous minister; and her brother, Henry Ward Beecher, became still more famous.

Mrs. Stowe's greatest work, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," made her known all over the world. She lived a noble life; her death occurred in June, 1896. All her writings bear the stamp of her genius as an author and her goodness as a woman.

We have just read the story of "The Daisy's First Winter," written by Mrs. Stowe, and now let us read another, called "The Squirrels that Live in a House."



AUNT ESTHER AND HER PET SQUIRRELS.

THE SQUIRRELS THAT LIVE IN A HOUSE.

*w*rĕn	spăr′rō*w*	hă*t*ch*e*d
chăt′tẽr	flī*gh*t′y̆	dĭs quī′ĕt
ō*w*n′ẽr	rē sôrt′	s*c*ĭs′sors (sĭz′zẽrs)

1. Once upon a time a gentleman went out into a great forest and cut away the trees, and built there a very nice little cottage. It was set very low on the ground, and had very large

bow windows, and so much of it was glass that one could look through it on every side and see what was going on in the forest.

2. You could see the little chipping sparrows and thrushes and robins and bluebirds building their nests here and there among the branches, and watch them from day to day as they laid their eggs and hatched their young. You could also see red squirrels and gray squirrels and little striped squirrels darting and springing about, here and there and everywhere, running races with each other from bough to bough, and chattering at each other in the gayest possible manner.

3. Old Mrs. Rabbit declared that the hammering and pounding made her nervous. "Depend upon it, children," she said to her long-eared family, "no good will come to us from this change. Where man is, there comes always trouble for us poor rabbits."

The old chestnut tree that grew on the edge of the woodland ravine drew a great sigh which shook all its leaves. The squirrels talked together of the dreadful state of things that would come.

"Why!" said old Father Gray, "Nature made the nuts for us; but one of these great human creatures will carry off what would keep a hundred poor families of squirrels in comfort." The bluebirds and bobolinks, it is true, took more cheerful views of matters; but then, as old Mrs. Ground-Mole observed, they were a flighty set, half their time being spent in the south.

4. In spite of all this disquiet about it, the little cottage grew and was finished. The walls were covered with pretty paper, the floors carpeted with pretty carpets; and, in fact, when it was all arranged, and the garden walks laid out and beds of flowers planted around, it began to be confessed that after all it was not so bad a thing as had been feared.

5. Several gay butterflies fluttered in and sailed about, and were wonderfully delighted, and then a bumblebee and two or three honeybees expressed themselves well pleased with the house, but more especially enchanted with the garden. In fact, when it was found that the owners were very fond of Nature, and had come out there for

the purpose of enjoying her,—that they watched and spared the flowers, that they never allowed a gun to be fired to scare the birds, and watched the building of their nests with the greatest interest,—then every cricket and bird and beast was loud in their praise.

6. "Mamma," said young Titbit, a frisky young squirrel, one day, "why don't you let Frisky and me go into that pretty new cottage to play?"

"My dear," said his mother, who was a very careful old squirrel, "how can you think of it? If you had wings like the butterflies and bees, you might fly in and out again; but as matters stand, it 's best for you to keep well out of their way."

7. "But, mother, there is such a good fairy lives there! and she seems to love us; she sits in the window and watches us for hours, and she scatters corn all around at the roots of the tree for us to eat."

"She is nice enough," said the old mother squirrel, "if you keep far enough off; but you can't be too careful."

8. Now this good fairy was a nice little old lady that the children used to call Aunt Esther; and she was a dear lover of birds and squirrels and all sorts of animals, and had studied their little ways till she knew just what pleased them. And so she would every day throw out crumbs for the sparrows, and little bits of thread and wool and cotton to help the birds that were building their nests, and would scatter corn and nuts for the squirrels.

While she sat at her work in the bow window, she would smile to see the birds flying away with the wool and the squirrels nibbling their nuts. After a while the birds grew so tame that they would hop into the bow window, and eat their crumbs off the carpet.

9. "There, mamma," said Titbit and Frisky, "only see! Jenny Wren and Robin Redbreast have been in at the window, and it did n't hurt them, and why can't we go?"

"Well," said old Mother Squirrel, "you must be very careful: never forget that you have n't wings like Jenny Wren and Robin Redbreast."

10. So the next day Aunt Esther laid a train of corn from the roots of the trees to the window, and then from the window to her workbasket, which stood on the table beside her; and then she put quite a handful of corn in the workbasket, and sat down by it, and seemed intent on her sewing. Very soon, creep, creep, creep, came Titbit and Frisky to the window, and then into the room, just as sly and as still as could be, and Aunt Esther sat just like a statue for fear of disturbing them.

11. They looked all around in high glee, and when they came to the basket it seemed to them a wonderful little summer-house, made on purpose for them to play in. They nosed about in it, and turned over the scissors and the needlebook, and took a nibble at her white wax, meanwhile stowing away the corn each side of their little chops, till they looked as if they had the mumps.

12. At last Aunt Esther put out her hand to touch them, when, whisk-frisk, out they went, and up the trees, chattering and laughing before she had time even to wink.

But after this they used to come in every day, and when she put corn in her hand and held it very still, they would eat out of it; and finally, they would get into her hand, until one day she gently closed it over them, and Frisky and Titbit were fairly caught.

13. Oh, how their hearts beat! But the good fairy only spoke gently to them, and soon unclosed her hand and let them go again. So day after day they grew to have more and more faith in her, till they would climb into her workbasket, sit on her shoulder, or nestle away in her lap as she sat sewing. They also made long voyages all over the house, up and through all the chambers.

14. The dear good fairy passed away from the house in time, and went to a land where the flowers never fade and the birds never die; but the squirrels still continued to make the place a favorite resort.

"In fact, my dear," said old Mother Red one winter to her mate, "what is the use of one's living in this cold, hollow tree when these people

have erected this pretty cottage where there is plenty of room for us and them too? Now I have looked between the eaves, and there is a charming place where we can store our nuts, and where we can run in and out of the garret; and, say what you will, these humans have delightful ways of being warm and comfortable in winter."

15. So Mr. and Mrs. Red set up housekeeping in the cottage, and had no end of nuts and other good things stored up there.

The trouble of all this was, that as Mrs. Red got up to begin her housekeeping and woke up all her children at four o'clock in the morning, the good people were often disturbed by a great rattling and fuss in the walls, while yet it seemed dark night.

Then sometimes, too, I grieve to say, Mrs. Squirrel would give her husband lectures in the night, which made him so cross that he would rattle off to another part of the garret to sleep by himself; and all this broke the rest of the worthy people who built the house.

16. What is to be done about this we don't know. What would you do? Would you let the squirrels live in your house, or not? When our good people come down on a cold winter morning, and see the squirrels dancing and frisking down the trees, and chasing each other so merrily over the garden chair between them, or sitting with their tails saucily over their backs, they look so jolly and pretty that they almost forgive them for disturbing their night's rest, and think they will not do anything to drive them out of the garret to-day.

And so it goes on; but how long the squirrels will rent the cottage in this fashion, I'm sure I dare not undertake to say.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.



We now have a picture of Mrs. Celia Thaxter who wrote the sweet little poem on the next page, called "The Sandpiper."

Mrs. Thaxter was born a little over sixty years ago in the quaint old seaport town of Portsmouth in New Hampshire. She passed the early days of her girlhood on the bleak Isles of Shoals, about ten miles off the New Hampshire coast. She wrote a delightful book about her life on her dreary island home, which you must read some day. Her poems about the ocean, birds, and flowers, written especially for children, are beautiful in thought and expression. Mrs. Thaxter died in 1894.



THE SANDPIPER.

Across the lonely beach we flit,
  One little sandpiper and I,
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
  The scattered driftwood, bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
  The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit,
  One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
  Scud, black and swift, across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
  Stand out the white lighthouses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
  I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach,
  One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry;
He starts not at my fitful song,
Nor flash of fluttering drapery.
He has no thought of any wrong,
He scans me with a fearless eye;
Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night,
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky;
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

CELIA THAXTER.



HOW ANDY SAVED THE TRAIN.

pär tĭc'ū lar (lẽr)	bē*a*v'ẽrs	ĕn ġĭ nē*e*r'
cŏn trĭb'ūt*e*	strōl*l*'ĭng	hŏr'rĭ bl*e*
strĕ*t*ch*e*d	făsh'*i*ons	scrē*e*ch'ĭng

1. Andy Moore was a short, freckled, little country boy, tough as a pine knot. Sometimes he wore a cap and sometimes he did not. He was not at all particular about that; his shaggy red hair, he thought, protected his head well enough.

2. As for what people would think of it,—he did not live in a city where one's shoe-lacings are noticed; his home was in the country, and a very wild, rocky country it was. He knew much more about beavers, rattlesnakes, and birds' eggs than he did about fashions.

3. He liked to sit rocking on the top of a great, tall tree, or to stand on a high hill, where the wind almost took him off his feet. Andy's house was a rough shanty on the side of the hill; it was built of mud, peat, and logs, with holes for windows. There was nothing very pleasant there.

4. Near his father's house there was a railroad track; and Andy often watched the black engine as it came puffing past, belching out great clouds of steam and smoke, and screeching through the valleys and under the hills like a mad thing. Although it went by the house every day, yet he never wished to ride in it; he had been content with lying on the sand bank, watching it disappear in the distance, leaving a great wreath of smoke curling round the tree tops.

5. One day, as Andy was strolling across the track, he saw that there was something wrong about it. He did not know much about railroad tracks, because he was as yet quite a little lad; but the rails seemed to be wrong somehow, and Andy had heard of cars being thrown off by such things.

6. Just then he heard a low, distant noise. Dear, dear! the cars were coming then! He was but a little boy, but perhaps he could stop them in some way; at any rate there was nobody else there to do it.

7. Andy never thought that he might get killed himself; but he went and stood straight

in the middle of the track, just before the bad place on it that I have told you about, and stretched out his little arms as far apart as he could. On, on came the cars, louder and louder. The engineer saw the boy on the track, and whistled for him to get out of the way. Andy never moved a hair.

8. Again the engine whistled. Andy might have been made of stone for all the notice he took of it. Then the engineer, of course, had to stop the train, saying something in his anger to the boy as he did so, "for not getting out of the way." But when Andy pointed to the track, and the man saw how the brave little fellow had not only saved his life, but the lives of all his passengers, his scolding changed to blessing very quickly.

9. Everybody rushed out to see the horrible death they had escaped. Had the cars rushed over the bad track, they would have been hurled headlong down the steep bank into the river. Ladies kissed Andy's rough, freckled face, and cried over him; and the men, as they looked at

their wives and children, wiped their eyes and said, "God bless the boy."

And that is not all: they took out their purses and made up a large sum of money for him; not that they could ever repay the service he had done them, — they knew that, — but to show him in some way besides in mere words that they felt grateful.

10. Now that boy had presence of mind. Good, brave little Andy! The passengers all wrote down his name — Andy Moore — and the place he lived in; and if you wish to know what was done for him, I will tell you.

He was sent to school, and, in after years, to college, and these people whose lives he saved paid his bills, and helped to make a place in the world for him.

FANNY FERN.



The next piece, called "Tiny's First and Only Lie," was written by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, whose portrait we have on this page. She was born in Boston in 1844, but soon after moved to Andover, Mass. She began to write stories when a very young girl, and has been writing ever since.

No doubt you have read some of her many stories for children, especially the "Trotty" books. Her books for grown-up people are deeply interesting and widely read. Her writings, like her life, are full of beauty and truth, and there is comfort and meaning in her simplest stories.



TINY AND HER PET RABBIT, MOP.

TINY'S FIRST AND ONLY LIE.

swăl'lō*we*d	gōō*se*'bĕr rȳ	fa̤l*se*'hōōd
ĕx plā*i*n*e*d'	frī*gh*t'ĕn*e*d	grăm'mar (mẽr)
ŭn dẽr stănd'	sĭn'gū lar (lẽr)	dĭf'fẽr *e*nc*e*

1. One day Tiny went out to play with her pet rabbit. He was all brown, from the tips of his ears to the tip of his tail, and Tiny named him Mop. He had become as tame as a kitten, and Tiny found him quite a playmate.

This morning, after she had given him his breakfast of carrots and clover, she took him for a race in the garden. Mop was in fine spirits, and he scampered away after her down the path, and hopped past her into the gooseberry bushes.

Tiny ran after him, and found him hiding under the leaves, looking out at her with his eyes very bright.

2. Just then the gooseberries, which were full and ripe on the bush, caught her eye.

"How nice they look!" she said to herself.

"I'll just *taste* one; I won't eat it, because mother does not like me to eat them," said Tiny; and she put the berry to her lips. It tasted so good that she thought she might as well swallow it while she was about it; and then she thought two would not hurt her any more than one, so she ate two.

After that she ate another, and another, and then —

"Tiny!" called her mother, from the house.

3. Tiny gave a start, swallowed the last berry

whole, caught up Mop in her arms, and walked slowly into the house.

"What were you doing, Tiny?" asked her mother.

"Oh," said Tiny, looking all about the room, "I went out to play with Mop."

"Did you eat any gooseberries, Tiny?"

"No, mother, I did n't!"

4. "Tiny," said her mother, soberly, "is my little girl very sure of this?"

"Mother, just see Mop, how he is biting my finger. I don't think he is very polite, do you?"

"Tiny, you did not answer my question."

"What was it about? Oh, I remember now. Yes, mother, I 'm very sure of this."

"I hope," said her mother, looking steadily at her, "that my little girl will always be careful to speak the truth."

"Yes," said Tiny, quickly.

Tiny's mother sat a minute as if she were thinking very soberly about something; then she rose, without another word, and left the room.

5. As soon as Tiny was left alone she went into the corner behind the door, and sat down

on the floor. She sat there a long time, with her elbows on her knees and her chin in her hands.

It was the first time she had ever told a falsehood; and such a strange little pain had come into her heart that she thought at first she was sick, and was quite frightened; but after a few minutes she began to understand that it was because she had done wrong. Then she thought about God all at once, and was afraid he would not love her any more, and then she began to cry.

6. After she had cried very softly for a little while, she thought she would go and play with Mop; so she ran away, and tried to play. But somehow all the fun seemed to have gone out of everything. Besides, Mop made her think of the gooseberries; so she went back to her corner behind the door again, and stayed there till dinner time. Then she went to the dining-room skipping, and singing some merry little song.

7. "Father," she asked at the dinner table, "what is the difference between *goose* and *geese?*"

"One is singular; the other is plural," said

her sister Ellen, who wanted to show how much grammar she knew.

"Why," explained her father, "if you see one goose, that is a *goose;* but if you see a good many, we call them *geese.*"

"Tiny," said her mother "what made you think about geese?"

8. "I guess it must be those gooseberry bushes in the garden," said her brother Fred.

Tiny felt choking, and passed her plate for some more pudding.

About the middle of the afternoon, Tiny came into her mother's room, looking very serious.

"What is the matter?" asked her mother.

"Mother, I 've been thinking this is a queer world — don't you think so?"

"What made you think so, Tiny?"

9. Tiny began to play with the baby just then, and made no answer. Presently she put her arms round her mother's neck, and said, —

"I 've got a stone in my heart, mother."

"What do you mean, Tiny?"

"Here," said Tiny, putting her hand under her chin; "I think I'm sick."

"My little girl is not very happy — is n't that it?"

"I do feel so full of sorrows, but I think it 's a stone; perhaps I swallowed it sometime."

"No, I think not," said her mother. "You want to tell me something, don't you?"

10. "Mother," said Tiny, in a whisper, "what *do* you suppose I did?"

"What was it, Tiny?"

"I — I ate a gooseberry this morning."

"I am very sorry to hear that," said her mother, laying down her work.

"I believe I ate two."

"Is that all, Tiny?"

11. "I should n't wonder if I ate a lot," said Tiny, winking very hard to keep from crying.

"Why did you not tell me that this morning?" said her mother, sadly.

Tiny hung her head.

"I would rather have my little girl do anything else in the world than tell a lie."

12. "Oh, mother!" and Tiny broke out in a sudden cry. "Oh, mother, I am so sorry! I don't know what made me do it, and I'll never, never do it again."

"I hope you won't," said her mother, "and now you must go to your own room till tea time."

It was a long and dreary afternoon to Tiny, as she sat alone thinking about what she had done. I doubt if she ever forgot it as long as she lived. She never told a lie again.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.



MOP.



This is a picture of Lucy Larcom, who wrote the next piece, called "Dandelion-Down." She also wrote other charming stories and poems for children. Her home was in Beverly, on the coast of Massachusetts. She wrote a little book of poems when she was only seven years old. While she was a young woman she worked in the cotton mills at Lowell, using her spare moments in reading good books and writing poems. For many years she was a personal friend of Whittier, the Quaker poet of Amesbury.

Miss Larcom was dearly beloved for her writings and her worth as a woman.

DANDELION-DOWN.

dăn'dē lī ȯn	gŏs'sȧ mẽr	phăn'tȯm
ghōsts	mĕd'ĭ çĭne	scăt'tẽr ĭng

1. Floss-Hair ran out to play in the sunshine among the dandelions. Grandmamma watched her from the doorway where she sat spinning,— her little bright head in its halo of silky gold. Suddenly Floss-Hair paused, and turned a questioning glance towards the doorway.

Grandmamma looked very lovely to Floss-Hair from where she stood. A silvery sunbeam danced around her spinning wheel, so that she seemed to spin behind a veil of gossamer; and in her gray dress, with her quiet eyes smiling out from under her white, smooth hair, she was more than beautiful.

2. Floss-Hair broke a downy seed globe from its stalk, and blew it one, two, three times. The plumes fluttered around her in the air; not one was left on the stem. "Grandmamma wants me," she said, and ran back to the door.

"What was it stopped your play, little one?"



DANDELIONS IN BLOOM.

"Why, there is scarcely a dandelion left there in the grass, and in their places are rows of round gray heads, standing up like ghosts. Why need flowers die, grandmamma?"

3. "Did you see where the seed feathers went, Floss-Hair, when you blew them from the stem?"

"Oh, into the air, to sail off on the clouds, perhaps."

"No, no, dear; some of them glided away to hide under the velvet grass of the lawn, where they will sleep all summer and all winter, and next spring will come out again, wide-awake young dandelions. And see there, — the yellow-birds are taking the gray plumes to weave into the lining of their nests, and hundreds of little shivering birds will be thankful another year that the golden blossoms were changed to dandelion-down."

4. "So the dandelions are spinning silk to line the birds' nests with," said Floss-Hair; "and grandmamma sits and spins for me. Dear grandmamma, your hair is gray and soft like dandelion-down, — I hope no cruel wind will ever blow you away from me."

"But, little one, my hair was once all fly-away gold, like yours. Call me Dandelion-Down, — the phantom of a little Floss-Hair that played among the meadow blossoms seventy years ago."

5. "No, no, grandmamma, I will not call Dandelion-Down a ghost any more; it is a little, common, yellow flower turned to an angel, scattering blessings about the world, like a white-haired grandmamma I know, who has kind words always ready to give everybody. If people could only be sure of growing good and lovely as they grow old!"

6. The next spring little Floss-Hair strayed silently among the dandelions, for the chair in the doorway was vacant, and the spinning wheel was still. But the child's heart was not wholly sad. Her memory was a nest of warm and tender thoughts that seemed fluttering back to her from the dear, silver-haired friend, now one of the white angels of heaven.

Lucy Larcom.

GUIDE TO PRONUNCIATION.

A key to the symbols most of which are used in this Reader to indicate the pronunciation of the more difficult words.

I. VOWELS.

ā	as in	**fāte**	**â**	as in	**câre**	**ī̇**	as in	**ī̇dea**	**o͞o**	as in	**fo͞od**
ā̇	"	**senā̇te**	**ē**	"	**mēte**	**ĭ**	"	**ĭt**	**o͝o**	"	**fo͝ot**
ă	"	**făt**	**ē̇**	"	**ē̇vent**	**ĩ**	"	**sĩr**	**ū**	"	**ūse**
ä	"	**ärm**	**ĕ**	"	**mĕt**	**ō**	"	**ōld**	**ū̇**	"	**ū̇nite**
a̤	"	**a̤ll**	**ẽ**	"	**hẽr**	**ō̇**	"	**ō̇bey**	**ŭ**	"	**ŭp**
ȧ	"	**ȧsk**	**ī**	"	**īce**	**ŏ**	"	**nŏt**	**û**	"	**fûr**

II. EQUIVALENTS.

ạ = ŏ	as in	**whạt**	**ọ = o͝o**	as in	**wọlf**	**ụ = o͝o**	as in	**pụll**
ê = â	"	**thêre**	**ȯ = ŭ**	"	**sȯn**	**ȳ = ī**	"	**flȳ**
ĩ = ẽ	"	**gĩrl**	**ô = a̤**	"	**hôrse**	**y̆ = ĭ**	"	**baby̆**
o̤ = o͞o	"	**mo̤ve**	**ṳ = o͞o**	"	**rṳle**			

III. CONSONANTS.

Only the most difficult consonants in this Reader are marked with diacritical signs. The following table may prove useful to the teacher for reference and for blackboard work.

ç = s	as in	**miçe**	**th** (unmarked)	as in	**thin**
c̶ or **c** (unmarked) **= k**	as in	**c̶a̤ll**	**ph = f**	"	**phantom**
c̶h = k	as in	**sc̶ho͞ol**	**s̱ = z**	"	**ĭs̱**
ch (unmarked)	"	**child**	**z** (like s sonant)	"	**zone**
ġ like **j**	"	**caġe**	**qu** (unmarked)	"	**quite**
g̅ (hard)	"	**g̅ĕt**	**x̱ = gz**	"	**ex̱act**
n̲ = ng	"	**ĭn̲k**	**x** (unmarked) **= ks**	"	**vex**
th̶	"	**th̶ĕm**			

Certain vowels, as *a* and *e*, when obscured and turned toward the neutral form, are italicized. Silent letters are also italicized.

WORD LIST.

THE following is an alphabetical list of words used in this Reader. Many of the more common words that have been used in the Primer, First, and Second Readers are omitted.

This list may be made the basis of a great variety of exercises in correct pronunciation, distinct enunciation, rapid spelling, language lessons, and review work.

ȧ băshed′
ā′ ble
ȧ bounds′
ȧ bro̤ad′
ăb′ sĕnt
ăc çĕpt′
āche
ăc′ çĭ dent
ăc cŏm′ plĭsh
ăc count′
ăc cŭs′ tȯm
ăc quāint′ ĕd
ăc′ tion (shŭn)
ā′ ġent
ȧ grēe′ ȧ ble
ȧ grēed′
āim′ lĕss
âir′ gŭn
âir′ ĭ ly̆
aīsle
ȧ līght′
ăl lowed′ (loud)
ȧ lŏng′
ȧ loud′
ăl′ phȧ bĕt
a̤l thōugh′
ăm′ ė thy̆st
ȧ mĭd′
ȧ mĭss′
ȧ mūs̱e′ ment
ăn̲′ chored (kẽrd)
ȧ nĕm′ ŏ nē̆
ăn′ ĭ mals
ȧnt
ăn′ tĭcs
ăn′ thĕm
anx′ ious (ăn̲k′ shŭs)
a′ ny (ĕn′ y̆) thĭng
ăp′ ple
ăp plȳ′
ăp prōach′
är′ bĭ tẽrs
ärched
ärm′ fu̇l
är′ my̆

ȧ rouse′
ăr rānge′
ăr rīve′
är′ tĭ cle
är′ tĭst
ăs çĕnd′ ĕd
ăsh′ ĕs
ȧ shōre′
ȧ sīde′
ăs tŏn′ ĭsh ment
ăt tăck′
ăt tĕn′ tion (shŭn)
au′ thor (thẽr)
ȧ whīle′
ȧ wōke′

băb′ bled
bā′ sin
bȧs′ kĕt
bāss-vī′ ȯl
băt′ tle
bēad
bēam
bēa′ vẽr
bē cause′
bē hōld′
bē′ ĭng
bĕlch′ ĭng
bĕl′ frȳ

bē liēved′
bĕnch
bĕnd
bē nēath′
bē sīde′
bē to͝ok′
bē trāy′
bĭd′ den
bĭt′ tẽr
blăck′-eyed (īd)
blȧst
blāze
blēach
blēak
blo͝od
blo͝od′ ro͞ot
blūe′ jāy
blŭn′ dẽr
bōard
bŏd′ ȳ
bōld′ lȳ
bōlt
bōnes
bos′ ȯm
bŏt′ ȧ nȳ
bŏt′ tle
bŏt′ tȯm
bought (bat)
bou quet′ (bo͞o kā′)

bowed (boud)
bow′ (bou) ẽrs
bōwl
brāin
brănd
brāv′ ẽr ȳ
brāyed
brēak
brĕast′ work (wûrk)
brĕath
brēez′ ȳ
brī′ dle
brĭsk
brō′ ken-heärt′ ĕd
bro͞om′ stĭck
brow (brou)
brŭsh
bŭck′ le
bŭff
bŭf′ fȧ lō
bŭg′ gȳ
bul′ lĕt
bul′ rŭsh
bŭm′ ble bēe
bûr′ den
bûr′ dŏck
bur′ ied (bĕr′ rĭd)
bûrst
bush′ ĕl

busi′ (bĭz) nĕs*s*
bụ*t*ch′ ẽr
bŭz*z*

căd′ dĭs
cä*l*m′ nĕs*s*
căm′ ĕl
cămp′ fīr*e*
căn̲′ kẽr-worm (wûrm)
căn′ tẽr
cā′ pẽr
căp′ t*a*ĭn
căr′ ȧ văn
cärd
câr*e*′ lĕs*s*
cär′ pĕt
căr′ rȯt
căs cād*e*′
căs′ kĕt
căt′ ẽr pĭl lar (lẽr)
ca̤*u*s̩*e*
çẽr′ t*a*ĭn ly̆
chaise (shāz)
cha̤*l*k
chȧnç*e*
chȧnt
chăr′ ăc tẽr
chär′ gĕs
chăr′ ĭ ty̆

chärm′ ĭng
chăt′ tẽr
chīld′ ho͝od
chīld′ ĭsh
chīm*e*
chĭnk
chĭp
chĭp′ mŭnk
chĩrp
chō′ rŭs
chō′ s̩*e*n
chŭ*c*k′ lĭng
çĩr′ cl*e*
clā*i*m*e*d
clăm′ bẽr
clăp′ pĭng
clȧsp
clăt′ tẽr
cla̤*w*ed
clŏgs
clōs̩*e*d
clōs*e*′-rē*e*f*e*d
clōth′ ĭng
clŭmp
clŭm′ s̩y̆
cō*a*ch
cō*a*st
cō*a*x*e*d

cŏb′ wĕb
cō′ cȯ*a*
coin
cŏl′ lar (lẽr)
colo′ nel (kûr′ nĕl)
cōlt
cŏl′ ŭm bīn*e*
cōm*b*ed
cȯm′ fort (fẽrt) ȧ bl*e*
cŏm păn′ ion (yŭn)
cȯm′ pȧ ny̆
cȯm′ p*ass*
cŏm plā*i*n′ ĭng
cŏm plēt*e*′
cŏm′ răd*e*
cŏn fĕs*sed*′
cŏn fūs̩*e*d′
cŏn̲′ quer or (kẽr ẽr)
cŏn sĕnt′
cŏn′ st*a*nt
cŏn sŭlt′ ĕd
cŏn tā*i*n*e*d′
cŏn tĕnt′
cŏn tĭn′ ū*e*
cŏn trĭb′ ūt*e*
co͝ok′ y̆
cŏp′ y̆
côrn
côr′ nẽr

cŏst
cŏt′ *to*n
c*o*ŭr′ ȧġ*e*
cō*u*rs*e*
cō*u*rt
c*o*ŭş′ *i*n
cȯv′ ẽr lĕt
cow′ ard (cou′ ẽrd) ly̆
cow′ (cou) slĭp
cō′ zy̆
crăc*k*′ ẽr
crāp*e*
cra̤*w*l*e*d
crā′ zy̆
crē*a*′ tūr*e*
crē*e*k
crē*e*p
crĕpt
crĕv′ ĭç*e*
crĭc*k*′ ĕt
crĭm′ son
crĭp′ pl*e*d
crō*a*k
crŏp
crŏs*s*
crouch*e*d
crowd (croud)
cry̆s′ t*a*l
cūr*e*

cū′ rĭ *o*ŭs
cŭr′ r*e*nt
cu̇sh′ *i*ȯn
cŭs′ tȯm
cŭt

dā*i*n′ ty̆
dăm
dămp
dăn′ dė lī ȯn
dān′ ġẽr
därk′ *e*n ĭng
där′ lĭng
därt′ ĕd
dā*y*′ lī*gh*t
dăz′ zlĭng
dē*a*′ con
dĕ*a*f
dē*a*l
dė cā*y*′
dė çē*i*t′
dė çē*i*v*e*d′
dė çīd′ ĕd
dē*e*m*e*d
dė fĕnd′
dė lā*y*′
dĕl′ ĭ câ*te*
dĕn
dĕnts

dė pärt′ ĕd
dė pĕnd′
dē′ pȯ*t*
dĕpths
dė scrīb*e*′
dė şẽrv*e*′
dė şīr*e*′
dĕsk
dė spâ*i*r′
dĕş şẽrt′
dė stroy*e*d′
dė tẽr′ mĭn*e*d
dė vōt′ ĕd
dī′ ȧ mȯnd
dĭf′ fẽr *e*nt
dĭn′ nẽr
dĭp*p*ed
dĭ rĕct′
dĭ rĕc′ tion (shŭn)
dĭs ăp pē*a*r′
dĭs ăp point′
dĭs cȯv′ ẽr
dĭs cus′ sion (kŭsh′ ŭn)
dĭs gŭst′
dĭs *h*ŏn′ ĕst
dĭsk
dĭş′ m*a*l
dĭs mā*y*′
dĭs pō sĭ′ tion (shŭn)

dĭs quī′ ĕt
dĭs′ tançe
dĭs′ tant
dĭs trăct′ ĭng
dĭs tûrb′
dŏdġe
dŏl′ lar (lẽr)
dŏm′ ĭ nĭe
dŏn′ keÿ
doŭ′ ble
doubt
down′ ward
(doun′ wẽrd)
dȯz′ en
drăg′ ȯn
drā′ pẽr ÿ
drĕad′ fụl
drew (drụ)
drīed
drĭft′ wŏŏd
drĭnk
drĭp′ pĭng
drōōp′ ĕth
drŏp′ līght
drŏpped
drow′ (drou) sÿ
drŭm
drŭm′ mẽr-boy
dū′ lÿ

dŭmb
dŭnçe
dūr′ ĭng
dŭsk
dū′ tÿ

ēa′ gẽr
ēa′ gle
ẽarl
ẽar′ lÿ
ẽarth′ quāke
ẽar′ nĕst
ēase
ēas′ ÿ
ēaves
ĕbbed
ĕd′ ĭ tor (tẽr)
ĕf′ fort (fûrt)
ĕl′ bōw
ĕld′ ĕst
ė lĕv′ en
ĕlf
ĕmp′ tÿ
ĕn cămp′
ĕn chȧnt′ ĕd
ĕn′ ė mÿ
ĕn ġĭ nēer′
ĕn joy′
ĕn tīre′ lÿ

ẽr′ mĭne
ĕr′ rand
ĕs cāpe′
ĕs pe′ cial ly
(pĕsh′ al lÿ)
ĕs′ sa̤y
ē′ ven
ė vĕnt′
ĕv′ ẽr ÿ where
(whâr)
ĕx ăct′ lÿ
ĕx ăm′ ĭne
ĕx clāim′
ĕx′ īle
ĕx pănse′
ĕx pĕct′ ĕd
ĕx pĕnse′
ĕx pē′ rĭ ençe
ĕx plāin′
ĕx prĕs′ sion
(prĕsh′ ŭn)
ĕx tĕnd′ ĕd

fāil′ ūre
fāint
fāith′ fụl
fa̤l′ len
fa̤lse′ hŏŏd
fāme

fȧ mĭl′ iar (yẽr)
făm′ ĭ lȳ̆
fā′ moŭs
făn′ çĭeș
făn′ nĭng
făsh′ *i*ȯn
fa̤*u*lt
fā′ vored (vẽrd)
fā′ vor (vẽr) ĭt*e*
fa̤*w*n
fē*a*r′ lĕs*s* lȳ̆
fē*a*st
fē*e*′ bl*e*
fē*e*l
fē*e*l′ ĭng
fĕl′ lō̆*w*
fĕs′ tĭ v*a*l
few (fū)
f*i*ērç*e*
fī′ ẽr ȳ̆
fĭf′ tē*e*n
fĭg′ ūr*e*
fī′ n*a*l lȳ̆
fĭn′ ĭsh
fĭt
fĭt′ fu̇l
fĭts
fĭx*e*d
flăg
flăg′ ro͞ot
flăsh
flĕd
flī*gh*t′ ȳ̆
flĭnch
flĭt
flŭr′ rĭeș
flŭt′ tẽr
fō*a*m
fōld′ ĕd
fō*l*k
fo͞ol′ ĭsh
fo͝ot′ prĭnt
fo͝ot′ stĕp
fŏr bĭd′
fōrç*e*
fŏr*e*′ *h*ĕ*a*d
fōr*e*′ pa̤*w*s
fōr*e* tōld′
fŏr gŏt′
fôrk*e*d
fōrt
fôrt′ nī*gh*t
fôr′ ward (wẽrd)
fŏx′ glȯv*e*
frām*e*
frĕc′ kl*e*d
fr*i*ĕnd′ lȳ̆
frī*gh*t′ fu̇l
frĭnġ*e*d
frĭsk′ ȳ̆
frō
frŏl′ ĭc
fū′ ġĭ tĭv*e*
fū′ rĭ *o*ŭs
fûr′ nĭ tūr*e*
fûr′ thẽr
fŭs*s*
fŭz′ zȳ̆
gā*i*n
găl′ lȯp
gām*e*
gär′ m*e*nt
găr′ rĕt
gȧsp′ ĭng
găth′ ẽr*e*d
gāz*e*d
ġĕm
ġĕn′ ẽr *a*l lȳ̆
ġĕn′ ẽr *o*ŭs
ġēn′ ius (yŭs)
ġĕn′ tian (sh*a*n)
ġĕn′ tl*e*
ġė ŏg′ rȧ phȳ̆
ġė rā′ nĭ ŭm
g*h*ōst
ġī′ *a*nt

gĭft
gīr′ dl*e*
glād*e*
glȧnç*e*
glâr′ ĭng
glē*a*m
glē*a*n*e*d
glĕn
glīd′ ĕd
glĭm′ mẽr
glĭmps*e*
glĭs′ *te*n
glĭt′ tẽr ĭng
glō*a*m′ ĭng
glōb*e*
glo͞om
glō′ rĭ *o*ŭs
glō*w*′-worm (wûrm)
gŏb′ lĭn
go͞o*s*e′ bĕr rȳ̆
gŏs′ sȧ mẽr
gown (goun)
grăb*b*ed
grāç*e*′ fụl
grăd′ ū̆ *a*l
grăd′ ū̆ āt*e*
grā*i*n
grăm′ mar (mẽr)
grănd
grănd′ *e*ûr
grănd′ sȯn
gr*i*ēv*e*
grō′ çẽr
gro͞om
group (gro͞op)
grō*w*n
grŭf*f*′ lȳ̆
grŭm′ bl*e*
grŭnt
g*u*ärd
g*u*ĕss*e*d
g*u*īd*e*
gŭn
gŭsh*e*d

hăb′ ĭt
hā*i*l
hä*l*f
hā′ lȯ
hạlt
hăp′ pen*e*d
här′ bor (bẽr)
härd′ shĭp
här′ dȳ̆
härm′ lĕs*s*
här′ nĕs*s*
hạ*w*′ thôrn
hē*a*l′ ĭng
hē*a*p*e*d
h*e*ärth′ rŭg
hĕdġ*e*′ rō*w*s
hĕm′ lŏ*c*k
*h*ẽrb
hĭd′ d*e*n
hī*gh*′ châ*i*r
hĭn′ dẽr
hĭt
hō*a*r′ ȳ̆
hōld′ ĕth
hŏl′ ĭ dā*y*
hŏl′ lȳ̆ hŏ*c*k
hō′ lȳ̆
hōm*e*′ lȳ̆
hōm*e*′ sĭ*c*k
hōm*e*′ stĕ*a*d
hȯn′ *e*ȳ̆ sŭc kl*e*
*h*ŏn′ or (ẽr)
*h*ŏn′ or (ẽr) ȧ bl*e*
ho͞op
ho͞ot′ ĕd
hōp*e*s
hôrn
hŏr′ rĭ bl*e*
hôrs*e*-chĕs*t*′ nŭt
hôrs*e*′ m*a*n shĭp
*h*our
hous*e*′ mā*i*d

how (hou) ĕv′ ẽr
hŭm
hū′ *m*a*n*
hŭm′ bl*e*
hŭn′ drĕd
hûrl*e*d
hụr räh′
hŭr′ rĭ*e*d
hûrt
hŭsh*e*d
hŭs′ kȳ̆
hŭt
hy̆m*n*

ī′ çy̆
ī dē′ ȧ
ī′ dl*e*
ĭl*l*
ĭm ăġ′ ĭn*e*
ĭnch
ĭn dĭf′ fẽr *e*nt
ĭn dĭg′ n*a*nt
ĭnk
ĭn′ nō̇ çent
ĭn quīr*e*′
ĭn sīd*e*′
ĭn′ st*a*nt
ĭn stĕ*a*d′
ĭn tĕnd′ ĕd

ĭn tĕnt′
ĭn′ tẽr ĕst
ĭn trō̇ dūç*e*′
ĭn trụd*e*′
ĭn′ vȧ lĭd
ĭn vĭṣ′ ĭ bl*e*
ī*s*′ l*a*nd

jew′ (jū) ĕl
jŏl′ ly̆
jo*u*r′ n*e*y̆
joy′ fụl
joy′ o*u*s
jŭ*d*ġ*e*

kā′ ty̆ dĭd
kĕn′ nĕl
kĕt′ tl*e* drŭm
kē*y*′ hōl*e*
kĭc*k*
kĭn′ drĕd
kĭ*t*ch′ ĕn
*k*nē*e*
*k*nē*e*l
*k*nĭt′ tĭng
*k*nŏc*k*
*k*nŏt
*k*nō*w*n

lăc*k*ed
lăd
lā*i*d
lȧnç*e*′ wŏŏd
lān*e*s
lăps*e*
lă*t*ch
lāt*e*
laughed (läfd)
lăv′ ĭsh*e*d
lạ*w*′ yẽr
lā′ zy̆
lĕ*a*d′ *e*n
lē*a*d′ ĭng
lē*a*k
lē*a*n*e*d
lē*a*p′ ĭng
lē*a*st
lē*a*v*e*
lĕngth
lī′ ȧ bl*e*
lī′ brȧ ry̆
lĭc*k*ed
lĭm′ pĭd
lĭṉ′ gẽr
lī′ ȯn
lĭps
lĭst
līv*e*′ ly̆

lĭv′ ĭng
lŏb′ stẽr
lŏft′ y̆
lŏġ′ ĭc *a*l
lo͞op
lo͞os*e*
lŏt
lŭl*l*
lŭl*l*′ ȧ by̅
lŭmp
lŭnch′ *e*ȯn
lū′ pĭn*e*
lūt*e*
ly̅′ ĭng

măd
măg ȧ zine′ (zēn)
măġ′ ĭc
mȧ jĕs′ tĭc
mān*e*
märch*e*d
măr′ ĭ gōld
märk
mär′ kĕt
măr′ rĭ*e*d
mȧs*s*
mȧs′ tẽr pi*e*̄çe
mȧsts
mă*t*ch

māt*e*
mȧ tē′ rĭ *a*l
mĕ*a*d′ ŏ*w* lärk
mē*a*l
mĕ*a*nt
mē*a*n′ whīl*e*
mē*a*t
mĕd′ *a*l
mĕd′ ĭ çĭn*e*
mĕm′ bẽr
mĕm′ ō rĭ*e*ș
mė ow′ (ou)
mẽr′ çĭ fu̇l
mẽr′ çy̆
mēr*e*
mĕr′ rĭ ly̆
mĕr′ rĭ m*e*nt
mĕs′ sĕn ġẽr
mĕt
mewed (mūd)
mĭd′ nī*gh*t
mĭdst
mi gnon ette′
(mĭn yŭn ĕt′)
mīl*e*
mĭl*l*
mĭn′ ĭs tẽr
mĭn′ nō*w*
mĭs′ chĭ*e*f

mĭs′ ẽr ȧ bl*e*
mĭss*e*d
mĭs tāk′ *e*n
mĭt′ tĕns
mĭx′ tūr*e*
mō*a*n
mŏd′ ĕst
mō′ m*e*nt
mŏn′ stẽr
mo͞on′ bē*a*m
môr′ t*a*l
mŏs qui′ (kē) tō
mound
moun′ t*a*ĭn
mō*u*rn′ fu̇l
mo̤v*e*
mŭf*f*
mŭf′ fl*e*d
mŭmps
mŭsh′ ro͞om
mū′ șĭ c*a*l
mū șĭ′cian(zĭsh′*a*n)
mŭs′ kĕt
mŭt′ tẽr*e*d

nā*i*l
nām*e*
năp′ kĭn
nā′ tĭv*e*

nē*ar*′ ĕst
nĕ*c*k
neigh′ bor (nā′ bĕr)
nē*i*′ thĕr
nĕrv′ *o*ŭs
nĕs′ *t*le
nĕt′ work (wûrk)
nĭb′ blĭng
nīç*e*
nĭ*c*k′ *e*l
nĭ*c*k′ nām*e*
nī*gh*t′ căp
nĭm′ bly̆
nō′ bl*e*
nō′ bŏd y̆
nŏd′ dĭng
nois̩*e*
nŏn′ sĕns*e*
no͝oks
nōt′ ȧ bl*e*
nōt*e*s
nō′ tĭç*e*
nŭm′ bĕr
nûrs*e*

ō′ ȧ sĭs
ō*a*ts
ȯ bē′ dĭ *e*nt
ȯ beyed′ (bād)

ŏb jĕct′ ĕd
ŏb s̩ẽrv*e*d′
ŏb tā*i*n*e*d′
ŏc cûr*red*′
ō′ dor (dẽr)
ŏf′ fẽr*e*d
ŏf′ fĭç*e*
ŏft
o͞oz′ y̆
ŏp′ ẽr ȧ
ŏp pŏr tū′ nĭ ty̆
ŏp prĕs*s*′ ĕs
ôr′ dẽr
ought (a̤t)
out′ crȳ
out wĭt′ tĕd
ō vẽr cȧst′
ō vẽr lo͝ok′
ō*we*
ō*w*n′ ẽr
oys′ tẽr

pă*c*k*e*d
pāġ*e*
pā*i*l
pā*i*ns
pā*i*nt′ ĕd
păl′ ȧç*e*
pä*l*m

pȧnt′ ĕd
păr′ ȧ pĕt
pär tĭc′ ů lar (lẽr)
pȧs*sed*
păs′ sĕn ġẽr
pas′ sion (păsh′ ŭn)
păs′ tůr*e*
pă*t*ch
pā′ tience (sh*e*ns)
pā′ tients (sh*e*nts)
păt′ tĕd
pāv*e*
pa̤*w*
pā*y*
pē*a*ç*e*′ fu̧l
pē*a*k
pẽ*a*rl
pē*a*t
pĕb′ bl*e*
pē*e*r′ ĭng
pẽrch
pẽr fôrm′
pẽr sĭst′
phăn′ tȯm
pi (pė̄) ä′ nȯ
pĭ ăz′ zȧ
pĭc′ nĭc
pī*e*
pĭl′ lar (lẽr)

pĭn′ ȧ fōre
plāin′ lȳ̆
plăn
plăt
plāy′ fĕl lōw
pleas′ ure
(plĕzh′ ụr)
plĕn′ tȳ̆
plūme
plŭmp
plŭnġe
plū′ ral
point
pōk′ ĭng
pȯ lice′ (lēs) man
pȯ līte′
pŏp′ lar (lẽr)
pŏp′ ū lar (lẽr)
pōrt fōl′ io (yō)
pōr′ trāit
pȯ ṣĭ′ tion (shŭn)
pŏs′ sĭ blȳ̆
pōst
pōst′ ŏf fĭçe
pō′ ṣȳ̆
pȯ tā′ tō
pōur
pow′ (pou) dẽr
prăc′ tĭçe

prȧnçe
prăt′ tlĭng
prė fẽr′
prĕp ȧ rā′ tion (shŭn)
prĕṣ′ ençe
prė ṣĕnt′ ĕd
prĕṣ′ ent lȳ̆
prĕssed
prĕs′ ĭ dent
prė tĕnd′ ĕd
prė vĕnt′
prey (prā)
prīde
prȯ fĕs′ sor (sẽr)
prŏg′ rĕss
prŏm′ ĭse
prŏmpt′ lȳ̆
prȯ pōṣ′ al
prōṣe
proved
prȯ vīde′
prọ vis′ ions
(vĭzh′ ŭns)
pụd′ dĭng
pŭffed
pụll
pụl′ pĭt
pŭn′ ĭsh ment

pūre
pûr′ pose
pûrr
pûrse
pûr sūit′
puss
pŭz′ zled

quāint
quar′ rĕl
quar′ tẽrs
quĭck′ lȳ̆

rȧft
rāil
rāil′ rōad
răng
rănk
răpt
râre
răṣp′ bẽr rȳ̆
răth′ ẽr
răt′ tle snāke
rāve
rȧ vine′ (vēn)
rĕad′ ĭ lȳ̆
rē′ al
rēar
rė çēive′

rē çīt′ ĕd
rē flĕct′ ĕd
rē flĕc′ tion (shŭn)
rē frĕsh′
rĕf′ ūġe
rē fūșe′
rĕġ′ ĭ ment
rein (rān)
rē lāt′ ĕd
rē lieve′
rē māin′
rē märk′
rē mīnd′
rē new′ (nū)
rē pāy′
rē plīed′
rē șĕnt′
rē șŏlve′
rē șôrt′
rē spĕct′ ĕd
rĕst′ ful
rē stōre′
rē tûrned′
rē wạrd′ ĕd
rĭb′ bọn
rĭch
rĭch′ ĕs
rĭd
rĭp′ ple

rīșe
rĭv′ ū lĕt
rŏb′ bĕr
rōbe
rŏd
rōgu′ ĭsh
rōōst′ ĕr
rōșe
rŭb
rụ′ bȳ̆
rụde
rŭf′ flĭng
rŭg
rŭn′ nĕrs
rŭs′ tĭc
rŭs′ tle
rȳe

săck
săck′ clŏth
săd
săd′ dle
sāfe
sȧ lūte′
sănd′ stôrm
săṉk
săt′ ĭs fīed
sạu′ çĭ lȳ̆
săv′ āġe

scăm′ pĕr
scăn
scär
scârçe
scâre
scăt′ tĕr
scēne
scĕnt
scĭș′ sors (zĕrz)
scōld′ ĭng
scoun′ drĕl
scrăps
scrătched
scrēamed
scrēech′ ĭng
screw (skrụ)
scŭd
sēa′ pōrt
sĕarch
sēa′ șon
sĕc′ ọnd
sēed′ pŏd
sēized
sĕl′ dọm
sĕp′ ȧ rāte
sē rēne′ lȳ̆
ser′ geant
(sär′ jent)
sē′ rĭ oŭs

sĕr′ mȯn
sĕrv′ *a*nt
sĕr′ vĭç*e*
sĕv′ *e*n tȳ̆
sĕv′ ĕr *a*l
sė vēr*e*′
shăd′ ō*w*
shȧft
shăg′ gȳ̆
shām*e*
shăn′ tȳ̆
shâr*e*
shärp
shăt′ tĕr*e*d
shā*y*
shē*e*p
shē*e*t
shĕl′ tĕr
shĕp′ *h*ĕrd
shīn′ ĭng
show′ (shou) ĕr
shō*w*n
shrĭl*l*
shrīn*e*
shroud
shrŭb
sī*g*n
sĭg′ n*a*l
sī′ lenç*e*
sī′ l*e*nt
sĭl*l*
sĭl′ lȳ̆
sĭm′ pl*e*
sĭnç*e*
sĭn̲′ gů lar (lĕr)
sĭp
sĭt ů ā′ tion (shŭn)
sīz*e*
skāt*e*
skĭl*l*
skĭp′ pĭng
slȧnt′ ĭng
slāv*e*
slē*e*t
slē*e*v*e*
slī*gh*t
slĭp′ pĕrs
slōp*e*
slŭnk
slȳ
smĕl*l*
smōk*e*
smōōth
snāk*e*
snŭ*f*f*e*d
snŭg′ lȳ̆
sŏb*b*e*d
sō′ bĕr lȳ̆
sŏcks
soil
sōl′ dier (jĕr)
sȯm′ ĕr sĕt
sôrt
sought (sa̤t)
so̤*u*p
spāk*e*
spär
spär′ klĭng
spăr′ rō*w*
spē*a*k
spē*a*r′ mĭnt
spē*e*d
spĕnt
spī*e*d
spĭt
spīt*e*
splăsh
splĕn′ dĭd
splĕn′ dor (dĕr)
splĭt
spoil
spoils
spōk*e*
spōrt′ ĭng
spŏt
sprăng
sprā*y*

sprĭng′ tīme
sprīte
sprout
spŭn
squạsh
squēak
squēeze
stăb
stạlk
stạll
stămp
stȧnch
stâred
stärved
stāte
stā′ tion (shŭn)
stĕad′ ĭ lȳ
stēal
stēam
stēed
stēel
stēep
stēe′ ple
stẽrn
stĭff
stīle
stŏm′ ach
stōōl
stōōped

stōre
stōre′ rōōm
stout
stōw′ ĭng
strāin′ ĭng
străp
strạw′ bĕr rȳ
strāy
strēak
strēam
strĕngth
strĕss
strĕtched
strĭng
strĭp
strōked
strōll′ ĭng
strŭck
strŭng
stū′ dent
stŭd′ ĭed
stŭm′ bled
stŭmp
sŭb′ jĕct
sŭc çĕss′
sŭcks
sŭd′ dĕn
su′ gar (shōōg′ ẽr)
bōwl

sūit′ ȧ ble
sŭl′ len
sŭm′ mĭt
sŭn′ bŏn nĕt
sŭn′ down (doun)
sŭn′ flow (flou) ẽr
sŭn′ nȳ
sŭn′ sĕt
sure (shụr)
sûr′ fāçe
sûr′ lȳ
sŭr round′ ĕd
sûr vey′ (vā)
swạmp
swạns′ down (doun)
swēep
swēet′ brī ar (ẽr)
swēet′ mēat
swĭsh′ ĭng
swōrd

tā′ ble-clŏth
tạl′ lẽr
tăn′ gled
tăp
tāste
teâr
tēar′ fụl
tēa′ tā ble

tĕm′ pĕst
tĕnd
tĕnt
tĕr′ rĭ blȳ̆
tĕr′ ror (rĕr)
tĕxt
thăn
thēe
thĕm sĕlves′
thĭll
thīrst
thôrn
thou
thrăsh′ ĕr
thrĭll
thrōat
thrŭsh
thȳ
tīde
tī′ dȳ̆
tīed
tīght
tĭlt
tĭm′ bĕrs
tĭn
tī′ nĭ ĕst
tĭn′ klĭng
tĭnt
tī′ tle

tŏm′ ȧ hawk
tŏngue
tōre
tôr mĕnt′
tough (tŭf)
tow′ (tou) ĕl
toy
trāçed
trā′ çĕs
trăck
trāin
trāit
trămp
trăp′ pĕr
trăp′ pĭng
trăv′ ĕl
trāy
trĕad
treas′ (trĕzh) ūre
trēa′ tȳ̆
trĕm′ bled
trē mĕn′ doŭs
trībe
trĭck
trī′ fle
trĭp
trŏd
trụ′ ant
trŭdge

trŭm′ pĕt
trŭst
tŭcked
tŭm′ bled
twĕn′ tȳ̆
twīçe
twĭgs
twĭn′ kle
twĭt′ tĕr

ŭn clōsed′
ŭn dĭs tûrbed′
ŭn drĕssed′
ŭn ēas′ ȳ̆
ŭn härmed′
ŭn lĕss′
ŭn sound′
ŭn stāined′
ūse′ fụl
ūs′ ĭng
us′ u al (ū′ zhŭ al)
ŭt′ tĕr ĭng

vā′ cant
vāin
văl′ ūe
vȧst
vĕġ′ ē tȧ bles
vĕl′ vĕt

vĕn′ tūre
vẽr′ dant
vẽr′ nal
vẽrse
vĕs′ sĕl
vĭc′ tō rïes
vĭc tō′ rĭ oŭs
view (vū)
vĭl′ lȧge
vī′ ō lent
vī ō lĭn′
vĭs′ ĭ ble
vĭs′ ĭt or (ẽr)
vōt′ ĕd
voy′ ȧge

wab′ ble
wāil′ ĭng
wand
wär
wär′ blĭng
wärmth
wärn′ ĭng
wasp
wāste
watch′ man
wä′ tẽr crĕss
wēak′ ẽr
wĕalth
weâr
wēa′ rĭ nĕss
wĕath′ ẽr
wēe
wēep′ ĭng
weight (wāt)
wĕpt
whăck
whīn′ ĭng
whĭp′-pōōr-wĭll
whĩrl
whĩr′ rĭng
whĭsked
whọ ĕv′ ẽr
whōle′ sȯme
whōl′ lȳ
wĭd′ ōw
wĭl′ lĭng
wĭlt
wĭn′ dōw-sĭll
wīne
wĭst′ fụl
wĭtch
wĭtch′-hā zel
wĭth drew′ (drụ)
wĭth′ ẽr
wĭts
wĭt′ tȳ
wolf (wụlf)
wŏŏd′ land
wŏŏl
work′(wûrk)tāble
wor′ (wûr) shĭp
worth (wûrth)
wōve
wrĕcked
wrĕn
wrŏth

yärn
yĕl′ lĭng
yĕt
yŏn′ dẽr
yoū
yoŭn′ gĕst

PROPER NAMES.

Ȧ căd′ ē my̆
Al′ cot*t*
Ä′ li (lē)
Al*l*-fä′ thĕr
Ȧ mĕr′ ĭ cȧ
Āme*s*′ bury (bĕr y̆)
Ā′ my̆
Ăn′ dō vĕr
Ăn′ dy̆
Ā′ prĭl
Ăt lăn′ tĭc
Au′ bŭrn
Au′ gŭst
Aus′ tĭn

Băth shē′ bȧ
Bē*a*′ vĕr-Brōōk
Bēech′ ĕr
Bĕn′ jȧ mĭn
Bĕv′ ĕr ly̆
Blȧnche
Bō*s*e

Bôs′ tȯn
Brĕm′ *e*n
Brĭg*g*s
Brĭt′ ĭsh
Bry̅′ *a*nt
Bûr′ dŏck

Cām brĭ*dg*e pōrt′
Cär rä′ rä
Çē′ lĭ ȧ
Chăn′ tĭ clēer
Cŏn′ cord
Cŏn′ grĕs*s*
Cŏn nĕct′ ĭ cŭt
Cŏn stĭ tū′ tion (shŭn)
Cŭl′ *l*en
Cŭm′ mĭng tȯn

Dā*i*′ sy̆
Dām*e* Prĕn′ tĭs*s*
Dôr*r*

Ēast′ *o*n
Ĕch′ ō
Ĕd′ mŭnd
Ė lĭz′ ȧ bĕth
Ĕl′ lĕn
Ĕlm′ wōōd
Eng′ (ĭng) l*a*nd
Eng′ (ĭng) lĭsh
Ĕs′ t*h*ĕr
Ē′ vȧ

Fĕb′ ru ȧ ry̆
Fī′ dō
Flŏs*s* Hâ*i*r
Frĕd
Frĕsh Pŏnd

Gā′ zȧ
Ġĕn′ ĕr *a*l
Gŏd
Gȯv′ ĕrn or (ĕr)
Grȧnt

Greāt Spĭr′ ĭt
Ground′-mōle

Hăr′ rĭ ĕt
Hăs′ san
Hāyes
Hōlmes
Hūgh

Ī′ rĭs
I′ ron (ī′ ŭrn) sīdes
Īsles

Jăck ō′ lăn′ tĕrn
Jāmes
Jăp a nēse′
Jĕn′ nȳ̆
Jĭm
Jŏhn
Jūle
Jūne

Kĭl′ lĭng tȯn

Lā′ dȳ̆ Dāy
Lär′ cȯm
Lĭn′ cȯln
Lĭtch′ fiēld

Lȯn′ dȯn
Lọu i′ (ē) ṣȧ
Lōw′ ell
Lụ′ çȳ̆
Lụ′ lụ

Mȧ rī′ ȧ
Māy
Māy′ flow (flou) ĕr
Mēek′-eye (ī)
Mĭck
Mĭlls
Mĭn′ nie
Mis′ sion (mĭsh′ ŭn)-
ȧ rȳ̆
Mōore
Mŏp

Nĕ′ rĭ kĕr
New′ found (nū′-
fŭnd) lănd
New (nū) Hămp′-
shire
Nō vĕm′ bĕr

Ō hī′ ō
Ŏl′ ĭ vĕr
Ŏt′ tĕr Crēek

Păr′ ĭs
Pĕarl
Pĕr′ ė grĭne
Pē′ tĕr
Phĕlps
Phĭl′ lĭps
Pĭl′ grĭms
Plȳ̆′ mouth
Pŏll
Pōrts′ mouth
Prĕn′ tĭss
Prĕṣ′ ĭ dent

Quāk′ ĕr

Rĕd′ brĕast
Rĕd′ cōmb
Rĭdge
Rŏb′ ĕrt
Rŏb′ ĭn
Rŏlfe
Rōme
Rŏmp
Rōṣe-Mä riē′
Rŭn′ ȧ wāy
Rŭs′ sell
Rŭt′ land

Săl′ lȳ̆

Săndʹ pīp ĕr
Scŏtʹ l*a*nd
Scŏtʹ tĭsh
Sē*a*ʹ Gŭl*l*
Shĕtʹ l*a*nd
Shō*a*ls
Snĕl*l*
Spā*i*n
Spĭn
Squīr*e*
Stō*we*

Stūʹ *a*rt
Sụ ĕzʹ

Tăbʹ bў̆
Tăbʹ ĭ thȧ
Thăn ȧ tŏpʹ sĭs
Thăxʹ tĕr
Tĭtʹ bĭt
Tŏm
Trĭp
Trŏtʹ tў̆

Văn Ärmʹ
Vĕlʹ vĕt bă*c*k
Vĕr mŏntʹ

Wạrd
Wạshʹ ĭng tȯn
Wāʹ vĕr l*e*ў̆
Wĕl*l*s
Wĕnʹ d*e*l*l*
Wĕstʹ f*i*ēld
Wĭllʹ iam (y*a*m)